

Américas

JANUARY . . . 1956

Annual Travel Issue

A U.S. congressman declares

**MY TRIP
WAS WORTH IT**

THE OTHER MEXICO

SHOPPING AROUND

What to buy where

The Pennsylvania
Dutch show

**HOW TO BUILD A
TOURIST INDUSTRY**

A river-boat trip
UP THE AMAZON

25

cents

*Infidel hero in Guatemalan
festival dance "Los Moros,"
portraying struggle between
Moors and Christians
(see page 31)*





Américas

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Dear Reader:

Both the individual member countries and the OAS are stepping up their efforts to develop tourist travel in the Americas. New organizational plans for the Pan American Highway Congresses and the Inter-American Travel Congresses have been approved by the OAS Council to give them lasting status without creating any more specialized agencies. Permanent executive committees have been set up for both, attached to the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, and they held their first meetings in 1955—the highway group in Mexico in February and the travel group in Washington in June.

Though Canada, Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean countries are getting a big share of U.S. tourist dollars, in 1954 South America took in only one-sixteenth what Europe did. And this, it is generally agreed, is not wholly because of distance, transportation costs, and family origins. The fact that a U.S. traveler can make a Grand Tour of seventeen European countries without calling at a single consulate for a visa and the smooth organization of Europe's experienced travel industry contribute a lot. So the Executive Committee of the Travel Congresses put special emphasis on removal of travel barriers, classification and improvement of hotel facilities, and travel promotion.

Tourist cards distributed by the U.S. tourist's transportation company are issued by Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, and Panama. In Haiti you get one on arrival, and for Mexico you can get one from any consul or at any office of the Government Tourist Bureau, at any border-crossing point or on landing in Mexico City. Tourist cards are enough for Colombia, Costa Rica, and Venezuela, too, but they must be obtained from a consul. Visas are still required by Brazil, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Paraguay, and Peru, and passports but no visas by Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Uruguay. In both Brazil and El Salvador, new laws have been passed eliminating visas, but at this writing they have not yet been put into effect. Peru no longer requires personal appearance at the consulate for a visa. The documents you must show, whether for a visa or for a tourist card, vary widely, and are listed in *Requirements for the Entry of U.S. Citizens into the Latin American Republics*, available for ten cents from the PAU Publications Division. The United States generally requires visas except from Canadians or from Mexicans with border-crossing cards. Regulations on travel by residents of one Latin American country in another vary greatly.

The highway committee meeting reported notable progress by Mexico and Cuba toward completion of the Gulf Circuit, the road and ferry route that will allow motorists to circle the Gulf of Mexico. A ferry runs sporadically between Key West, Florida, and Cárdenas, Cuba. Cuba has completed the road to Puerto de la Fe, a possible embarkation point for Yucatan, but plans to continue the road to a port nearer the western tip of the island. From there, another ferry will take cars to Puerto Juárez, Yucatan. Mexico is continuing construction of the road connecting that port with Veracruz and the land route through Mexico City and the United States. The committee also gave support to the expedition being organized to explore a route for the Pan American Highway through the longest and least-charted gap remaining—through the Darien jungles from Chepo in Panama to a road junction in Colombia. Elsewhere on the Pan American Highway, completion of the link between Guatemala and the Mexican border is scheduled for 1957, and the road will probably be passable before then.

THE EDITORS

Opposite: Singing Children, sculpture by Francisco Zúñiga of Costa Rica

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

BOGOTÁ FAIR

The traditional serenity of life in Bogotá, Colombia, was disturbed during recent weeks by the celebration of the city's II International Fair-Exposition, inaugurated by President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla on November 25, to promote international trade. Thousands of products were on view, including machinery and manufactured articles of all kinds from 1,500 of the world's most advanced manufacturing firms. Six hundred exhibit stands occupied almost 1,500,000 of the fairground's 8,560,000 square feet. Numerous streets and paths connected the various restaurants and buildings, built in a variety of architectural styles at an estimated cost of close to two million dollars.

Organized jointly by the government and Colombian private industry, this trade fair had special Hemisphere significance both because of the Latin American countries that participated—Argentina, Ecuador, Venezuela, and the host country—and because it marked the first time the United States Government had participated officially in a trade fair in Latin America. While the U. S. Commerce Department's Office of International Trade Fairs has arranged exhibits recently at expositions in Europe, this was the first time the Department of Agriculture had also teamed up.

One feature was the latest edition of the "Atoms for Peace" show previously seen in Latin America only at the São Paulo Quadricentennial celebration in Brazil in 1954. The Bogotá display included a model of the latest atomic-energy power plant and some of the other items from the big U. S. entry at the Geneva atomic-energy conference. Other special features included a cotton style show arranged by the National Cotton Council and a dairy products exhibit by Dairy Industries Society International. Fifteen Latin American countries are among the forty-four nations with members in the dairy organization. At their stand, dry skim milk and anhydrous butterfat (butter with the moisture wrung out), shipped from the United States, were recombined with water. Both dry ingredients have excellent keeping qualities, and the recombined milk, after twenty-four hours of refrigeration, is difficult to tell from the fresh pasteurized variety. Giveaways of milk and ice cream drew hungry spectators to this section.

Germany, England, Italy, and Sweden, as well as the United States, had extensive displays of machinery, while Japan, France, Greece, Spain, and the South American countries concentrated on other kinds of manufactures. France and Italy attracted special attention with their

china and perfume lines.

The Organization of American States exhibited plans, community projects, and construction methods arranged by the Inter-American Housing Center in Bogotá. The Center was established in the Colombian capital in 1951 under Project 22 of the OAS Technical Cooperation Program. Its show occupied part of the stand of Colombia's Instituto de Crédito Territorial. The organizers of the exhibition hoped to sell a large part of the merchandise on display, which was valued at about \$3,500,000.

THIS BUSINESS OF TRAVEL

"... We should not lose sight of the fact that [one of] Latin America's biggest dollar earners is the U.S. tourist. In Mexico, tourism is the largest source of dollars—an estimated \$124,000,000 in the first four months of the current year [1955]. Our composite U.S. exporter could profitably investigate ways of cooperating with our own authorities and those in Latin America that are working to increase the volume of our tourist travel here." So said U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Henry Holland, addressing the recent Forty-Second National Foreign Trade Convention.

Though this remark mentioned only Mexico—where in 1954 U.S. tourists spent nearly \$337,000,000, according to the official Mexican estimates—tourism is also a major industry in Cuba and Haiti. They earned about fifty-one and seven million dollars, respectively, in the business in 1954. In practically all the Latin American countries it is potentially important. Argentina, Chile, Peru, and Uruguay have already built a brisk tourist trade with their neighbors.

In Cuba, a master plan has just been drawn up to stimulate both internal and international travel. Haiti is establishing tourist offices in the United States and Canada. Mexico, under the dynamic leadership of its tourist commission, has become the most important tourist center in all Latin America. The money spent by the increasing stream of travelers visiting these countries each year feeds their economies through the hotel industry, manual arts, and transportation companies.

The table below, based on U.S. Department of Commerce figures arrived at by a different method, shows U.S. tourists' expenditures abroad, in millions of dollars.

TOURIST EXPENSES (EXCEPT TRANSPORTATION)			
	1952	1953	1954
Europe and Mediterranean.....	256	306	352
Canada	257	282	284
Mexico	180	192	190
Caribbean and Central America	78	76	87
South America	25	20	22
Other areas	15	19	23
Total	811	895	958
TRANSPORTATION EXPENSES			
Paid to foreign companies.....	175	181	186
Paid to U.S. companies.....	175	201	214
Total	354	382	400

—Armando L. Cassorla



Arriving in Brazil, the author (center) and fellow-Congressmen Jack B. Brooks of Texas and Victor A. Knox and George Meader of Michigan, are welcomed by U.S. Ambassador James C. Dunn (right)

My trip was worth it

**A U. S. congressman,
just back from Latin America,
reports on his experiences**

PORTER HARDY, JR

IN THE ANNUAL EXODUS of hundreds of thousands of travelers from the United States to foreign lands, probably no trip attracts more attention than that of a departing or arriving legislator. Congressional travel abroad—which some people like to refer to as junkets—seldom fails to provide a lively topic for discussion in the press and among the people. Just as it seems to be a perennial puzzle to the U.S. taxpayer, who foots the bill, perhaps it is also a source of wonder to the citizen of the country of destination. Why do congressmen go abroad? What do they do when they get there? What are the results?

In the light of my own experience, I would like to try to answer these three questions. I have just returned,

Democratic Congressman PORTER HARDY, JR. represents the Second District of his native Virginia, which includes Norfolk County and the cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and South Norfolk. A businessman-farmer, he is widely traveled both in the United States and abroad.

along with three of my colleagues on the House Government Operations Committee, from a twenty-two-day, fifteen-thousand-mile official journey to eleven countries in Latin America. I cannot deny that it was pleasant, although it was not a pleasure trip; it was also colorful, exciting—and arduous. Despite the generous hospitality of our hosts in each country and the wonderful things to be seen everywhere, our job was basically hard work.

One of the functions of Congress is to watch over the expenditure of the taxpayer's dollar to make sure that

Congressional trips to Latin America in 1955 totaled fourteen, in parties of one to eleven. The House Appropriations Committee was represented on four; its Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, and Public Works groups, and the Senate Foreign Relations and Appropriations Committees, on two each. Congressmen attended two presidential inaugurations and the opening of a new section of the Pan American Highway, and studied problems of immigration, technical assistance, agricultural trade, and embassy operations.

the executive agencies who do the spending use a maximum of economy and a minimum of waste. The way Congress is organized, a major part of this responsibility falls on the Government Operations Committee of the House. The International Operations Subcommittee, of which I am Chairman, is specifically charged with the duty of examining U.S. overseas civilian operations, including those of the U.S. Department of State and allied agencies.

Only if we have good people, good organization, and good managerial control at all levels can we carry out our programs abroad economically and efficiently. Take one of the major U.S. activities in Latin America, for example—the cooperative technical assistance program through which the United States and the republics to the south exchange know-how on problems of economic development, better known as Point Four. Examination of this program in all its ramifications was the principal task undertaken by the International Operations Subcommittee. For several months we made an intensive inquiry in Washington, collecting and analyzing a wealth of documentary material from the Department of State, from the Foreign Operations Administration, and from the United States Information Agency, with personnel, organization, and managerial control our chief concerns. We held a series of hearings in Washington, with witnesses from the Government and recognized civilian authorities in organization and management. Still, important questions remained unanswered—questions that could be answered only in the field.

For example, there was considerable confusion in Washington about the organizational structure, since the technical assistance program has bounced around from one agency to another. At one time it was handled by the autonomous Institute for Inter-American Affairs; later it became a unit of the Technical Cooperation Administration within the Department of State; in 1953 it was transferred to the newly created Foreign Operations Administration; and now it falls under the International Cooperation Administration, which has itself been moved part way back inside the Department of State. One reason for our journey was to clear up the lines of responsibility. To get the answers to our questions, we had to talk with people in the field who had these tasks in hand.

What does such a journey accomplish? In our swing around the continent we visited Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Panama, Guatemala, and Mexico. We took more than fifty hours of recorded testimony on the Point Four program and allied U.S. activities; we talked with government officials at all levels—Presidents, cabinet members, senators, congressmen—and with local businessmen in the various countries and members of the press. With the accurate, up-to-date, and voluminous information we collected, the result should be a most useful report to the Congress on the status of the technical assistance program in Latin America.

Perhaps the best way to give an idea of what our committee did in Latin America is to describe only one



In Lima, Dr. Eduardo Miranda Souza, President of the Peruvian Chamber of Deputies (left), received Congressmen Hardy and Meader (center and right), with U.S. Embassy Counselor Clare Timberlake



In Mexico City, author takes time off from a busy schedule to go shopping

of the countries we visited. We arrived in Bolivia on a Wednesday night, stayed through Thursday, and left shortly after noon on Friday. In that short space of time we spent approximately fourteen hours in a round of formal and informal conferences and meetings and brought back a verbatim transcript of the information we gathered from U.S. officials there. It left us literally breathless at two and a half miles above sea level. For visitors like ourselves, the altitude of La Paz was hard to take. We found we had to move slowly there, since any excessive physical exertion—even walking up a flight of stairs—brought on dizziness.

As picturesque as its landscape are the people of Bolivia, particularly the Indians. The women were dressed in colorful skirts and shawls, and all, without exception, wore brown derby hats. I heard at least two tentative explanations for the origin of these hats. One was that they were the typical headgear worn by the Spanish conquerors hundreds of years earlier; the other suggested that they were the result of an enterprising salesman's visit some years ago. Neither of my informants seemed certain. The derbies may even be left over from a presidential campaign we had in the United States back in 1928!

Fleeting impressions can be very misleading, of course. More than one Bolivian may have wondered why a U.S. congressman was armed on the streets of La Paz. Here's how it happened. On our way to visit the President, my colleague Jack Brooks of Texas, who served in the

Marines during the war, admired the firearms of the palace guards. He mentioned his interest to President Paz Estenssoro, who promptly presented him with one of his own Mausers as a souvenir—complete with a box of ammunition—so that Jack could go hunting in Texas with a Bolivian rifle.

Bolivia probably best typifies the role played by our technical assistance program. About one-seventh as large as the United States, the nation has slightly more than three million people. The eastern half of the country consists of sparsely populated lowland plains with tremendous but almost unexploited agricultural possibilities. The western half is divided into valleys, where some crops are grown, and a high, barren plateau about five hundred miles long and eighty miles wide. Most of Bolivia's people and industries are found here. For years, the nation's economy has depended upon the mineral resources of this area, chiefly tin. Late in 1953, because of falling tin prices, many Bolivians faced starvation. After appeals to the United States, \$12,400,000 was authorized for emergency shipments of wheat and flour. For Bolivians must import twenty million dollars' worth of foodstuffs annually.

In diversifying the Bolivian economy, in developing the agricultural possibilities of the Bolivian lowlands, in improving health and rural education facilities, and—more recently—in developing a sizable petroleum industry, U.S. technical assistance plays a significant part. Under this program, improved cultivation methods have been employed, the use of better seeds has been encouraged, fertilizers and insecticides have been introduced. Training centers in health education have been set up, and mobile units have served more than 580,000 people

annually in the effort to control such communicable diseases as diphtheria, typhus, and typhoid. Significant progress has been made in the provision of teacher-training for rural elementary schools. Through June of last year the United States had obligated eight million dollars for this program. Over the next twelve months it will spend about two and a half million more. Bolivia, for her part, has contributed about nine million dollars, and plans to spend five million more next year.

Our trip was worth many times what it cost. Above all, we hope that it will enable us to point out measures of economy and efficiency in the conduct of the technical assistance program which will result in substantial savings in operating costs. But the journey also produced some intangibles that cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Each legislator who goes abroad as a member of a committee does so in a dual capacity and with dual responsibilities. As a committee member he has the responsibility for informing himself on the particular matters over which the Congress has given his committee jurisdiction. As a congressman, however, he is called upon to exercise his independent judgment and to vote upon all matters which come before the Congress as a whole. In his travels abroad, therefore, each legislator has both the opportunity and the duty to enlarge his understanding of the countries he visits, quite apart from his concerns as a committee member. Today's world—and certainly tomorrow's world—depends for its very existence on informed judgment and a thorough appreciation of affairs beyond the confines of a single nation's boundaries.

During the course of our discussions in the many lands we visited we learned a great deal about Latin America. One thing we all discovered—and on this I think I can speak for the other committee members, Congressman Brooks of Texas, Congressman Meader of Michigan, and Congressman Knox of Michigan—is that it is difficult, even dangerously misleading, to generalize about Latin America. The differences between the individual countries, their geographies, their histories, their economies, their governments, and the state of their development make it almost impossible to treat them as a group. How, for example, can one talk about the sophisticated seacoast capital of Rio de Janeiro and the busy, booming commercial city of São Paulo in terms of the land-locked mountain civilization in the highlands of Bolivia? How compare an Argentina now apparently emerging from years of political dictatorship with its small neighbor, Uruguay, where democratic procedures and freedom of the press have been part of the political landscape for years? I think that if anyone in our group started out on this trip with the idea that Latin America could be lumped together as a single entity, he was thoroughly disabused of that notion by the time he returned.

All of us learn by contrasts and similarities, and I found myself inevitably trying to understand what I saw in terms of what I already knew—the United States. As one congressman was supposed to have said some years



In Montevideo, representatives of the International Operations Subcommittee sit down with the press



At luncheon given for Congressmen by American Chamber of Commerce at São Paulo Automobile Club, Messrs. Hardy and Meader talk to Brazilian reporters

ago, after his first trip abroad: "You know, I've discovered that there's a whale of a difference between Paris and Jersey City, and the funny part of it is, you notice it more in Paris than you do in Jersey City."

Certainly no visitor to the republics of Latin America can fail to be impressed by the beauty of the land, by the largely untapped economic potential, and by the peoples of Latin America. A flood of memories tumbling one over the other comes to mind. The winding road up Corcovado, with its impressive statue of Christ at the top and the magnificent view of Rio far below, of Sugarloaf and the blue waters of the harbor; the friendly, alert Uruguayans and their pride in their fine country; the lush green fields of Argentina; the incredibly beautiful Andes near Santiago and the naval base at Valparaíso; the utterly unique landscape of Bolivia's *altiplano*; free enterprise thriving in Peru; the portrait of George Washington alongside that of Bolívar and other Latin American liberators in the Governor's Palace at Guayaquil; the fascinating Colombian music that led me to purchase recordings for my teen-age daughter; the thrill of seeing both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans as we came in for a refueling stop at Panama; the vigor of the Guatemalans under their youthful leaders; the bustling, colorful metropolis that is Mexico City—and everywhere, in the people, in the land, almost in the air itself, the sense of growth, of development, of burgeoning progress.

I came back from this journey deeply impressed with the vast potential of Latin American resources. The strides in public health and education have been big and promise to grow bigger. Only then can Latin America take full advantage of her greatest resource—her people. The extent of the second great resource—the natural endowments of the land—in terms of agricultural and industrial possibilities has barely been discovered, let alone developed. On these two counts alone, I am convinced there are few if any areas in the world that can look to the future with more confidence and optimism.

To be sure, the path is not free of obstacles. We have returned aware that pressing and serious problems face many of these countries. Historically, it appears that many suffer from having put their economic eggs in one basket for too long. Dependence on a single export, such as coffee, tin, copper, or nitrates, has brought serious difficulties. With world markets subject to considerable price shifts, such dependence has at times brought disaster. Obviously, diversification of the individual countries' economies is the answer. But this is neither an easy nor a quick solution. In the United States, it took two centuries, and even at that rate there were grave problems. A country today faced with a similar task can short-cut the process by leaning on our experience. The costly trial-and-error method is no longer necessary nor justifiable. Here, I think U.S. technical assistance can play its greatest role.

In the light of the knowledge we gained about the working of the U.S. technical assistance program, and in the longer view, considering what we learned about Latin America in general, I can say with conviction, "My trip was worth it." ♦ ♦ ♦



MEXICO
THE
OTHER
MEXICO

As seen by a Brazilian novelist

ÉRICO VERÍSSIMO

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO



*"Guanajuato, . . . old and peacefully colonial.
Some streets . . . recalled Bahia"*

THE TRAVEL AGENCIES proclaim Mexico a land of eternal romance; they promise the tourist golden suns, silver moons, guitars, *charros*, girls, boys, *mariachis*, som-breros, sarapes, bronzed young Adonises diving off the high rocks of Acapulco into the green waters of the Pacific. . . . Consciously or unconsciously following the Hollywood line, they offer the world a Mexico in Cinema-Scope and Technicolor, and the result is an enchanting but flat image, a picture without depth—a tremendous injustice toward a country that has not three but four dimensions. For though Mexico may on the surface be all that the prospectuses, the posters, the slides, the movies, and the tourist literature say it is, the visitor inclined toward underwater exploration needs only a plunge into the depths of the Mexican soul to glimpse fabulous hidden wealth. The rest will depend on his lungs and his capacity for seeing. I confess that I am not much given to this skin-diving business. I am short of breath. The surface of the world exercises a dangerous fascination over my spirit. I say "dangerous" because at times this enchantment keeps me entertained in mere contemplation of the world visible to the naked eye—the horizon at sunset, a street scene, the bend of the river, the flight of a bird—and I content myself with rowing lazily on the surface of the waters, almost indifferent to the flora, fauna, and other treasures below. Because of this, Mexico puts countless hazards in my way, for I know of no country more picturesque. Wherever the traveler turns there is a beautiful picture: a still life, a landscape, the portrait of an individual or a group. All the angles are favorable. The light is magical. And enveloping everything—people, animals, and things—always mystery.

In August 1953 I made a quick trip to Mexico. I returned to Washington disturbed by the little I had seen and the much I had guessed. I could not get the taste of Mexico out of my mouth. Sweet? No. Bitter? Not that, either. Queer, unaccustomed, different; a mixture of tortillas, straw cigarettes, chile, and blood. That's right, blood. A dry flavor, sometimes with a certain desert harshness, sometimes with the unexpected sweetness of a tropical fruit. If I had to give it a color, I would say it is a brown flavor. If asked to give it a quality, I would say a dramatic flavor. (Oh, heavens! Am I getting metaphysical?)

But let us get on to the trip.

I returned to Mexico last year, in May. As my Traveling Companion is appalled by air travel, we decided to face the possible difficulties of a train journey. We crossed the border in El Paso, Texas, where at that time of year the legendary Rio Grande is no more than a slender thread of water running, or rather dragging itself gloomily, through a sandy bed the color of polished copper.

The moment I set foot on Mexican soil, there suddenly and miraculously returned to me the desire to write, which for more than two years had lain dormant on the banks of the Potomac. Why? It is not easy to explain.

The noted Brazilian novelist ÉRICO VERÍSSIMO is Director of the PAU Cultural Affairs Department.

Perhaps in the Latin American countries there is something in the air, in the faces, in the people's glance, that makes one see life in its eternal aspect. In these Catholic-influenced lands with their surviving medieval heritage, the atmosphere is saturated with drama. When it comes to northern Mexico, even the landscape is dramatic. The traveler who expects to see the gay advertising posters come to life considers himself cheated, frowns, detaches himself from nature, and resentfully concentrates his attention on the pages of a magazine or novel. It is a pity, for the North of Mexico has the severe and arid beauty of all deserts. The Chihuahua landscape through which our train was running—wide brown plains frizzled with cactus and maguey—is to the green exuberance of the tropics as Greta Garbo is to Marilyn Monroe. But who can deny Garbo's enchantment and mystery? So, traveler, put down your magazine or book and look outside. You prefer well-fleshed landscapes to skinny ones? You think curves more beautiful than angles? Be patient and wait. In this prodigious country there are regions where your eyes can go on chlorophyll binges—jungles that recall the Amazon, pine forests that evoke Nordic lands. But now you must understand and learn to appreciate this northern plateau that so much resembles its inhabitants. Like the landscape, the Indian of this region is silent, melancholy, and withdrawn. The soil here is a reddish brown, like the men's skin and their adobe houses. Earth, houses, faces—all the same color, as if made of the same substance. You see those Indians in white cotton clothes and straw hats standing there beside the maguey patch? Have you ever seen anywhere on this or any other continent greater identity between man and the land? I'll tell you a secret. The Mexican Indian is not born like other men; he sprouts from the ground like a plant. He shares somewhat the nature of the cactus, for he wrests his sustenance from this dry earth, presents to the world a spiny surface, but at the same time is capable of bursting into flowers of the most exquisite beauty—textiles, baskets, sculptures in clay or wood or stone, pottery, objects of silver and gold.

Look at that ruined wall. Perhaps you see nothing more to it than a pile of ugly old stones. But can't you realize that it is saturated with history, that those stains are the blood of people who were shot and that in the shade of this wall Pancho Villa and his soldiers took their siesta one day? Don't forget that this land was drenched in Mexican blood in more than one revolution and that in the last analysis the history of Mexico is a long, painful struggle for possession of the land. Use your imagination, friend, and this landscape will gain a new dimension. But if you prefer to return to your novel or magazine, do so; I'll stay at the window watching the Chihuahua plains, where I see no trace of water or of smiles, so dry and sad are the countenances of men and land here.

Near Mexico City, at ten on the last morning of the trip, while my Companion was sleeping and I was still contemplating the landscape and absurdly dreaming up a dialogue between D. H. Lawrence and Emiliano Zapata,

Taxco: "I felt I had found a city where I would like to spend several months writing—about the city itself!"

we were shaken by a tremendous crash, and the train suddenly halted. I noticed that the telegraph wires were quivering, as if one of the poles had been violently knocked down. I left the compartment and asked the attendant what had happened. The little man shrugged and replied: "Who knows?" I jumped down from the car to the ground. A warm gold light engulfed the plain. "Derailed," said a passenger laconically and indifferently. I could see, however, that the accident was more serious than my informant's tone gave me to understand.

The locomotive had its nose in the air, two cars had tumbled over, and three more were tipping and off the tracks. There were a number of injured, who emerged slowly from the overturned cars. A girl was lying on the ground, bleeding profusely. A sad-eyed Indian woman held in her arms a baby whose face was purple with a mass of bruises. Second-class passengers, Indians mostly, left their cars without haste, silent and impassive, clutching their bags, bundles, and children. A steady silence, a silence that the breadth of the landscape seemed to emphasize. (We were now on the central plateau, a temperate green zone, more than 6,500 feet above sea level.) There was no weeping or gnashing of teeth. The injured suffered in stoic muteness.

Writing about his trip to Central America, Aldous Huxley said that the festivals in the Indian regions had a certain aquarium quality that seemed to him ominous. Only the festivals? I feel that these Indians live in a world apart from ours; they are just like fish in an aquarium, looking at us with unmoving eyes in a liquid, oblique silence. Hostility? No. Indifference, perhaps. I do not think we shall ever be able to break the glass that separates us from them.

After five hours, help reached us. A locomotive sent out from Dañu was going to pick up the cars still on the tracks and pull them to Mexico City. We would have to make a long detour by way of Querétaro, which would certainly extend considerably the already sizable delay. I asked the conductor: "When will we arrive?" And he muttered vaguely: "Who knows?"

This was the reply I heard most often during the rest of that day and during the interminable black night that followed it. The train stopped at mysterious stations, and through my stupor I heard monotonous voices calling: "Hot coffee, who will have coffee?" "Tamales!" "Pulque!", and when I bent to the window I saw ghosts passing, silhouettes of houses, walls, and trees looming in a nightmare atmosphere; or sometimes there was only the gleam of a red or green lantern or—even greater mystery—the plain, the slate color of a moonless sky. And when I woke from a doze haunted by feverish dreams, I wandered like a sleepwalker through the corridors of the train asking the shadows I met: "What station is this?" or "What time is it?" or, again, "When will we arrive?" The answer was always: "Who knows?" I saw that this expression conveyed not only indifference but also fatalism.

But we arrived.

Yes, we arrived, four hundred and some years after



Mexico City: "Billboards [and] skyscrapers give certain stretches of street the appearance of downtown Los Angeles. . . . Amid so many foreign influences, what is essentially Mexican remains unchanged"

Hernán Cortés. It is said that when, from the pass between the great volcanoes Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the Spanish conquistadors beheld the city of Tenochtitlán in the valley below, in the midst of a fantastic lake, with pyramids, temples, and palaces of stone and adobe glistening in the sun, Cortés and his men felt as if they were standing before a metropolis all made of silver. They were so fascinated by it that they ended by destroying it in their zeal for conquest. And with the stones of the Aztec pyramids and temples they built, on the ruins of the vanquished city, their own palaces and a great cathedral.

There they are in the Zócalo, the heart of Mexico City, with their red-brown façades, heavy, severe, impregnated with time and tragedy.

Where shall my tourist walk? Perhaps right now, Baedeker in hand, he is learning things about this fabulous metropolis. He will certainly know by now that Mexico City is almost 7,500 feet up; that it has more than three million inhabitants; that it was built on the dry bed of a lake, which explains why its soil is spongy and why certain buildings, among them the Palace of Fine Arts, have sunk several yards. Yes, my traveler must stroll through these streets, so that he can fall into the countless traps laid here for tourists. A pity! Perhaps he will never get to know the real Mexico, the profound and authentic Mexico that throbs beneath the bright varnish the city offers to the visitor.

What most interests and excites me in this megalopolis is the coexistence of so many different cultures. To begin with, there is the age-old base, the substratum that is the Aztec Indian and the ruins of his empire. Those dark stones behind the imposing Cathedral are the remains of a pyramid. The Spain of colonial times is present in hundreds of palaces and lordly mansions with interior patios; in monuments, walls, arcades, and, above all, churches. But in the churches the Spanish colonial style was soon modified and gave way to what might be

called Mexican baroque, which shows a strong Indian influence. The best examples of this style are found in Puebla, Cholula, and Oaxaca. French influence entered during the eighteenth century, by way of intellectuals who read the Encyclopedists; it reached its apogee in the time of Maximilian's court and was consolidated during the thirty years of the "scientific dictatorship" of Porfirio Díaz, who called himself a positivist. (Paradoxically, it was during this time of marked French influence in politics, philosophy, and art that practically all the country's deposits of oil and other minerals passed into English and U.S. hands.)

The architectural products of the Díaz era still stand—palaces with imposing cupolas, ornamented façades, and a pompous profusion of marble statues and staircases, all typically "*art nouveau*." The most representative example of this era and spirit is the Palace of Fine Arts, a marble mastodon in whose purple-decorated interior the visitor feels—as a Mexican student remarked to me—as if he were in the intestine of a cow. The Mexican Constitution followed the French model. And Mexican intellectuals of the last century, like their Brazilian counterparts, also considered France their spiritual homeland.

The other presence that makes itself felt, at least on the surface of Mexican life and principally in this city, in Monterrey, and in Acapulco, is the Anglo-Saxon, or rather the Yankee. It shows up in the advertisements and billboards of products "Made in U.S.A." and in the newest skyscrapers, both of which give certain stretches of street the appearance of downtown Los Angeles, Houston, or Detroit. It is a practical, often mechanical influence that tends toward simplifying life. Architecturally, it is functional and anti-baroque. Philosophically, it is pragmatic. It was inevitable that the influence of the

"There is something . . . that makes one see life in its eternal aspect"—modern Mayas visit temple at Chichén Itzá, Yucatan, built by their ancestors



strong, rich, and inventive neighbor should sooner or later be felt here. To satisfy the needs and habits of the thousands of U.S. tourists who visit the country every year, the Mexicans felt obliged to create copies of such Yankee institutions as the cocktail lounge, the Waldorf-Astoria-style hotel, the doughnut (called here *dona*), the quick lunch with the numbered menu, and the shops that serve it, which are known by the neologism *lonchería*. Against the austere stone face of walls dating from colonial times or the Aztec Empire, I saw the gay Coca-Cola billboards or the colors of the U.S. flag reproduced on the Pepsi-Cola escutcheon.

The most extraordinary thing is that amid so many foreign influences, what is essentially Mexican remains unchanged. More than that: this Mexican-ness manifests itself in the most important of the "presences" I felt in the city—the "contemporary Mexican" visible in the impressive murals of Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera and in the new buildings of the National University of Mexico, where the Spanish architectural tradition is entirely repudiated in favor of a functional style using Maya and Aztec motifs. Another expression of the bold and dramatic architectural imagination of modern Mexico is El Pedregal, a unique residential district in which the most exquisite functional houses, painted in various colors—blue, gray, yellow, green, violet, purple—rest on black volcanic rock that rears up in irregular and agonized forms. This contrast seems to me one more symbol of the contradictions of Mexico, where the ultra-modern and the archeological, the sophisticated and the earthy, coexist: worshippers of the Virgin of Guadalupe and disciples of Karl Marx, Cantinflas and his *peladitos* (tattered but appealing rogues) on one hand and imitation Babbitts on the other.

The term "a people" has always been a rhetorical expression to me. But here in Mexico for the first time it gathers flesh, physical expression, human meaning. These streets are full of people: Indians, mestizos, *criollos*. They move from one place to another, they carry on business, they stroll, they eat, they chat, they sing. . . . When I say "sing," I might seem to be contradicting myself, for I said a while ago that the inhabitant of the central plateau is taciturn. But the songs I hear here almost never express the joy of living. Rather, they are melancholy, pessimistic, and not infrequently desperate. According to one of the most popular songs of the moment, "Life is worth nothing, for life begins with weeping and with weeping it ends." I went into a tavern and saw a *charro* with a huge embroidered sombrero fingering a guitar and singing to a small group of bronzed men who were drinking in grave silence. And in his beautiful Mexican voice made of tortillas, avocados, and sun, the singer flung into the air this anguished question: "Where, where are you? With whom are you deceiving me?"

But I was speaking of people. Everywhere in this enormously human metropolis (*human*, my friends, is not at all synonymous with *humane*) I see the humble people, the poor people. They crowd the streets, the gardens, the parks, the markets, the churches. I could entertain myself simply by looking at street scenes. The

inhabitant of the United States does not *enjoy* his streets; he uses them for practical ends, as roads that will take him where duty or necessity calls. The ordinary Mexican, on the other hand, gives me the impression of living more in his city than in his own house. The streets are his living room where he meets his friends, finds his recreation, and eats. I do not think these Indians ever sit down around a table in accord with a fixed schedule to take their meals. They eat when they are hungry, at the oddest hours, standing before the many food shops and stalls in these streets, plazas, and alleys. I noticed that even among the poorest people of this country relatively few have rickets. The highland Indian, in general, is stocky and strong, with very good teeth.

I have never in all my life seen such a profusion of children. I don't think that anywhere else in America the children share so much in the social life. Their mothers go everywhere with them—they take them to the movies and even to salacious revues in the theaters, where, from time to time, to pacify the bawling little creatures, they casually give them their breasts.

My Companion was impressed with the eyes of the poorer-class Mexican children. They are large, black, and liquid, touched with velvet tenderness, half austere, half sad, much like the eyes of burros, their shaggy brothers that we met on the roads and in the streets of the old colonial towns.

We visited Puebla, a lordly old Spanish city with



"My Companion was impressed with the eyes of the poorer-class Mexican children. They are large, black, and liquid"

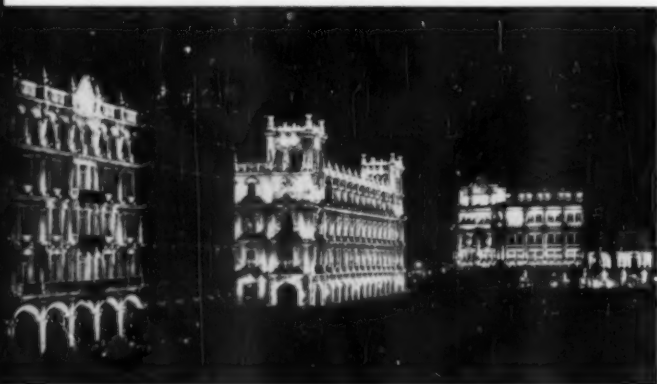
bits of opera, mixing Agustín Lara with Strauss and Puccini.

That cathedral sleeping there in the shadow was built in the sixteenth century. Tomorrow would be market day. From the surrounding valleys and mountains Indians were already arriving with their merchandise, the products of their skilled hands. What a world! In the two and a half years I had spent in Washington, I had forgotten a whole series of elements of the land where I was born and grew up. I met them on that cool Oaxaca evening: beggars, flies, skyrockets, lottery tickets. I was sixteen years old again, and back in my native city. And to complete my nostalgia, the band was playing a selection from *La Bohème*.

But my favorite Mexican cities are Taxco and Guanajuato, both old and peacefully colonial. Taxco perches on a peak and is surrounded by mountains. Those familiar with Spain say it resembles Toledo. I, who have never been to Spain but know Minas Gerais, was reminded of Ouro Preto. I stayed in the house Humboldt lived in while he was here. I felt I had found a city where I would like to spend several months writing—about the city itself.

Some streets in Guanajuato recalled Bahia. I went down to the underground passages of its old cemetery to see the famous mummies, one of its tourist attractions. They stood upright in a vaulted corridor, leaning against the wall, and they were hideous. They stood in the most grotesque postures, their mouths open and distorted, their arms crossed on their breasts, their hands curled. Many still had some hair left and even scraps of clothing. In front of one mummy, which had both its hands raised to a face contorted with terror, the guide explained: "This one was buried alive." Before another, whose throat looked almost as if it had been cut, he said: "This gentleman hanged himself." When I asked from what century these macabre remains dated, the guide made a disclosure that horrified me. These were not historical mummies or archeological finds: many of these bodies had been buried only a few years ago. Fresh mummies!

"But why were they brought here?" I asked.



"There they are in the Zócalo, the heart of Mexico City, . . . impregnated with time and tragedy"—government buildings from the colonial era illuminated for Independence Day, September 16

yellow-domed churches and Andalusian-style palaces with tiled façades and interior patios. From there we went to Cholula, the sacred city, where Cortés counted, so he wrote to the King, "four hundred and some Towers . . . and all of mosques," and where Spanish Catholic missionaries later erected more than two hundred churches on the Aztec ruins.

In Oaxaca I rediscovered my adolescence in the central plaza, in the shade of the calabash trees, in an evening promenade at which boys and girls strolled around the *zócalo* while in the silver-painted iron pavilion the state band played waltzes, *paso dobles*, *rancheras*, and

The man explained: "Because their relatives didn't keep up the payments on their graves."

Since the soil and air of Guanajuato are very dry, the bodies had petrified.

The mummies led me to reflections about this people's attitude toward death. I have the feeling that the Mexican always carries his death with him. She is his beloved, his favorite visitor. All Souls' Day in this country is a festival day, a kind of grotesque carnival, a dance on graves. On this day, "dead man's bread" is made—a loaf iced with sugar skulls or skeletons and people's names. Pilgrimages are made to the cemeteries, where they eat, drink, dance, and sing. The life of the Mexican common people is impregnated with the idea of death. There are countless Mexican anecdotes treating death as



Market day in Oaxaca: "Indians . . . with their merchandise, the products of their skilled hands"

an element of humor. In one, a *peladito* is laughing, drinking, singing, and dancing at a wake without the least consideration for the grief of the family. "Listen," interrupts a woman, "don't you even respect the deceased?" The *peladito* stops, stares at his interlocutor, and replies: "Deceased? Deceased is Juárez or Zapata! Deceased is Pancho Villa! This is just a miserable little dead man!"

There is also a happy, carefree Mexico that sings songs full of sun and joy, and expresses itself in dances and jokes and an amiable philosophy of life. We found it in Veracruz, in Jalisco, and on the Yucatan peninsula. But the memory that stayed with us when we left this extraordinary country was of the man of the central plateau, with his silence, his love affair with death, and his mystery.

I know of no American country that has a more dramatic history than Mexico's. There are masculine nations and feminine nations. Mexico is intensely masculine, *muy hombre*, and whoever wishes to understand it must accept it with all its defects. The traveler with a weak stomach and a taste for nicely arranged scenery and an easy, secure life should not visit Mexico, or else, if he insists on going, should confine himself to that artificial world the tourist agencies have created for the enjoyment of simpletons. The real Mexico is not for the weak or the prejudiced. It is highly significant that one of the favorite pastimes of this nation is the bullfight. The

landscape, the language, even the meals, are dramatic. Once, at the Toluca market, I saw an old Indian woman squatting beside an iron pot filled with a reddish-black paste. "What is that?" I asked. And she replied in her wheezy voice: "Blood."

One day thirteen years ago a volcano suddenly sprang forth in the middle of a peaceful cornfield and began to vomit smoke, fire, and lava. Thus was born Parícutin, which today towers over the despoiled countryside. The Mexican soul is apparently a cornfield, but—careful, stranger!—at any moment a volcano may erupt without warning. And all the passionate lava that was imprisoned underneath boils out and in a few minutes completely transforms the landscape.

The Mexican gives me the impression of living psychologically in a permanent state of revolution. No different from the rest of Latin America, Mexico has also had its *caudillo* generals. The story goes that during one of the many revolutions that have shaken this country, there was a general who took special pleasure in acts of violence such as sacking cities, shooting his enemies summarily, and similar barbarities. The revolution was finally successful, and our hero was made governor of a province. For some time he managed to maintain the dignity of his position, but one day, unable to endure any longer the boredom of legality, he sallied forth to commit new violence and disorders. There were protests, and a formal complaint was directed to the President of the Republic, who sent a dispatch to the caudillo ordering him to abstain from these activities. Our general, much vexed, wired immediately to the Chief of State: "Request release from my post, as this silly revolution has degenerated into government."

What makes modern Mexico so interesting and alive is the permanent struggle of ideas between the group that exalts Spain and extols Cortés and the indigenist group that accepts the "black legends," curses the *gachupines*, and glorifies the Indian. Still a third group, small in numbers but economically and politically important, represents a sort of "New Porfirism," this time oriented not toward France but toward the United States. The social consciousness of Mexican artists and writers, their preoccupation with national problems, and their proud acceptance of their Indian roots are admirable.

Meantime, Mexico is in tumult. And what a beautiful tumult! Writers like D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and Graham Greene may, from their British, "civilized" point of view, say most unfavorable things about this country. But no one could honestly call Mexico dead or lost.

What will be the result, fifty or a hundred years from now, of all these conflicts and contrasts, of these racial mixtures, of these contradictory political and esthetic trends, of these clashing passions, and—we should never forget—of this industry that modernizes and grows in a land where the peaceful uses of atomic energy must come face to face with thousands of farmers still living in biblical times?

To all such questions, I, an honorary Mexican, reply: "Who knows?" ♦ ♦ ♦

shopping around

Here's a list for your next trip

TO OUR KNOWLEDGE, science has not yet devised a successful inoculation against that common disease of women travelers: *delirium shoppens*. Although the male of the species is less susceptible to it, he is by no means immune. The acute form is characterized by an irresistible compulsion to acquire all that is "cheap," "cute," "exotic," or "quaint." Victims tend to exceed their baggage weight limits and to have trouble with customs and with relatives at home, in whose attic the painfully hauled collection usually ends up. Short of bankruptcy, this variety of the illness is incurable.

The milder type, however, marked by selectivity, can be actually beneficial: it takes the acquisitive urge out of one's system and puts one's will power, good taste, and imagination to the test. Medication is relatively painless. First, accept the condition and put your mind at ease—enjoy the fun of shopping. But if you must have it educational too, think of the knowledge you're absorbing—for what are handicrafts and industry but reflections of a people's culture and way of life, of the skill and ingenuity with which they make use of raw materials at hand?

Now to a basic precaution: try to avoid the tourist traps. Not that some of the shops obviously catering to travelers are not excellent and reasonable. But quite often the jumble of articles dished out to the tourist is not the best a country has to offer.

To guide you, we asked for recommendations from our scouts around the continent. Naturally, this is far from a complete picture. To avoid duplication, we are purposely skipping in any given country what might be another's specialty. Collectors, for instance, would be delighted with the vigorous contemporary art of many countries—such as the Haitian primitives or those of the Honduran Antonio Velázquez. But for such specialized acquisitions we advise you to get in touch with the PAU Visual Arts Section before you go. Remember, too, that many countries restrict the export of art works.

As for recordings, most large cities offer a wide collection of popular and folk tunes on 78 r.p.m. and some on LP's.

Exchange fluctuations make it impossible to give prices for every country, and those we quote are, of course, approximate and subject to change.

ARGENTINA

One by-product of Argentina's good beef is the country's superlative leather industry—cowhide, calf, or suede pocketbooks, gloves, belts, shoes, jackets, coats, luggage. These and excellent alligator articles are found in the principal Buenos Aires department or specialty stores, but you can get them cheaper, or have special articles made to order, by going to the wholesale outlets like those in Villa Crespo section, on Calle Corrientes between Juan B. Justo and Talcahuano. Riding or hunting enthusiasts will discover fine cartridge belts and elaborate silver-trimmed saddles.

The best woolens come from Catamarca and La Rioja, and you will find in downtown Buenos Aires a variety of mantles, quilts, shawls, and the like. Vicuña ponchos are so soft and pliable you can fold them and put them in your pocket; the same rare wool makes lovely rugs and quilts, though none are bargains.

Mates and *bombillas*—the cup and straw used for sipping yerba mate—are authentic gaucho items and are sometimes very elaborate. The *mates*, usually silver-trimmed gourds, can be all wrought silver in the gourd shape; the *bombilla* is a long silver tube with a strainer at one end. They rest on silver stands.

BOLIVIA

The most luxurious articles you can buy in Bolivia are vicuña-fur blankets and rugs. They should be lined, and the best local seamstress recommends an interlining of cheap cloth cross-hatched along the seams for reinforcement. Vicuña stoles, which have to be made up, can be very handsome too. Permission must be secured from the Bolivian Government to take vicuña fur out of the country (the stores will tell you how to go about it), and the article must also be taken to the U. S. consul, under the terms of a U. S.-Bolivian agreement. Only one article of vicuña fur is permitted per passport. Vicuña cloth, when available, is rather expensive, but it is a very fine wool, especially for men's sports jackets, which can be made in La Paz if you have the time. Vicuña or alpaca blankets, sold in most stores, are very good-looking.

In the Indian Market of La Paz you can find cheaper but striking wool or cotton blankets. Also in the market are ponchos and *aguayos*, the big squares in which Indian women carry their babies on their backs. Some make lovely wall hangings or chair covers. Prices on all these vary according to quality, which is determined by tightness of weave and softness of wool. Tiny pottery copies of everyday objects and miniature baskets made by the *altiplano* Indians are also sold in the marketplace. The beautiful *chullos*, or knitted wool caps worn by the Indians, make lovely gifts for winter sports fans. Hand-painted *queñas*, or Indian flutes, are authentic.

From Cochabamba come wool shoulder bags in various color combinations with local designs, used by the Indians to tote their wares. The tall-crowned white straw hats worn by Cochabamba Indian women are an interesting item for the collector, as are the weird masks of the Oruro dancing "devils." Though miniatures are sold everywhere, go to the source for the real thing.

Genuine Indian jewelry, which can be bought in the market, is sometimes fragile but tends to be more interesting than the usual trinkets for tourist consumption.



BRAZIL

Shopping in Brazil is as varied as the country itself. Among the interesting examples of folk art are the pottery pieces (popular types, everyday scenes, animals, and so on) fashioned with whimsy in the northeastern states, where they are sold at open-air markets. Old Bahia silver, especially the charms worn by the Negro women, and carved wooden statues of saints and angels left over from colonial times are appealing but scarce. The Pinacoteca e Museu do Estado might be able to help you find some. Modern articles in Bahia include attractive tortoise-shell jewelry, cigarette cases, and the like; excellent cigars; and fiber or cotton hammocks. Minas Gerais is the land of gems, which can be bought cheaper in Belo Horizonte than elsewhere. In choosing most stones, the rule is the darker the better, but beware of cloudiness. Most of these items are also found in Rio and São Paulo, but, of course, these two sophisticated cities have their own wares to offer—beautifully detailed hand-embroidered blouses, lingerie, table linens, and children's apparel; handsome leather goods; and attractive silver, all found in downtown stores. Certain book shops still carry charming prints of nineteenth-century Brazil as depicted by the German engraver Johann Moritz Rugendas or the Frenchman J. B. Debret.

One place to find woodwork of good taste—plain or inlaid—is the Liceu de Artes e Ofícios in São Paulo, a government arts and crafts school. Most downtown São Paulo shops, but particularly Loja Prado, on Rua 24 de Maio, offer modern pottery and hand-decorated tiles with Carnival music themes, folk scenes, and so on.

Further south, in Paraná, there are nicely tooled cowhide articles, and in Rio Grande do Sul the same *gaúcho* items found in the River Plate countries. If Brazilian cookery strikes your fancy, some typical dishes come in cans (*feijoadá*, *palmito*, or fruit juices and preserves).



CHILE

Naturally, there's a wide range of articles in copper, one of Chile's trademarks. Prices sometimes vary, even

for the same objects, so it's best to canvass the Santiago shops first. Choice items are the large plates, bowls, ashtrays, cigarette cases, and tea sets, either plain or hammered.

From Chillán and Temuco come some of the best popular ceramics of Chile, showing Araucanian influence. Temuco also produces *choapino* rugs, woven in bright colors from wool tinted with vegetable dyes. Osorno, in the South, produces wooden objects in beautiful colors. From Talagante come miniature animals and human figures, and pitchers and vases of various sizes. They are charming, decorative, and, what's more, real bargains. Leather goods are also unusual and cheap in Chile. If you can't go to the source, however, you will find most of these items in downtown Santiago curio shops.

The Hotel Carrera gift shop carries the striking hand-painted fabrics of Pablo Burchard Hijo, whose wife is an expert seamstress and will make up garments to order.



COLOMBIA

Colombia has virtually a world monopoly on emeralds; those who wish to splurge may take their choice in downtown Bogotá jewelry stores. Prices depend not only on size but on cut, depth of color, and the like. Those from the Muzo Mines, considered the best, may also be acquired from the Banco de la República.

The country also produces top-quality silver, beautifully hand-wrought. At least fifty stores in Bogotá sell silver hollow and flat ware and some jewelry. Watch also for leather goods.

Popular art pieces are sold in small village corner stores and marketplaces, as well as in Bogotá's Central Market. From Chiquinquirá, in Boyacá Department, come glazed clay figurines of saints and folk types, generally used for Nativity scenes. These are of a greenish hue, but similar pieces from Ráquira, in the same department, are predominantly pinkish. In Girardot Department there is a black pottery that is both decorative and useful. Prices are reasonable and a matter to be settled personally with the vendors. Bogotá curio shops also offer fiber hammocks and wide-brimmed straw hats from Utiaca, Cundinamarca. The accordion-like Antioquia shoulder bags of patent leather and goatskin (used by local farmers) make amusing handbags.



COSTA



Charming though they are, with their sprightly geometric designs, the ubiquitous Costa Rican oxcarts have

been reproduced in miniature to the saturation point. Plain wooden ware, however, offers a wide choice. In Tibás, a suburb of San José, a workshop called Intica turns out trays, salad servers, barbecue salt and peppers, and lamp bases displaying the distinctive grain patterns of true mahogany (*Swietenia macrophylla*); *crístóbal*, a rare hardwood much like mahogany, ranging in color from golden yellow to reddish brown; and *ron-ron*, a hard, heavy wood noted for its pink to dark-brown color and dark-brown stripes. Prices range from \$.25 to \$14. The Hotel Europa gift shop also offers a wide assortment of wooden objects at reasonable prices, hand-made wool rugs with Costa Rican designs, and hand-embroidered blouses. The Museo Nacional in San José will be able to advise you on sources for the scarce jade jewelry and for *huacos*—the ornaments found in archeological sites.

Moravia, another suburb of San José, boasts a specialty shop called El Caballo Blanco with an almost unlimited selection of tooled leather goods at reasonable prices. Downtown, at Araújo Hermanas, workmanship is even finer, and prices are accordingly higher.



Rum and cigars are shopping standbys in Cuba. As for the stogies, there's one to suit every taste; but the best rum is the oldest, called *ron añejo*. On the theory that he who drinks and smokes must also eat, you might sample Cuba's many delicious sweets and candies, such as *boniatillo* (of sweet potato and tasting very much like *marron glacé*), *membrillo* (quince), guava paste, or *flan de huevo*, also called *tocino del cielo* ("bacon from heaven"), a delicious light custard. Most of these, available at the best Havana grocery stores, are packed in handy-sized cans.

Guayaberas, the tucked shirts universally worn by Cuban men, come in all qualities and prices. Good-looking hand-embroidered blouses, handkerchiefs, and tablecloths, while not exactly "steals," are not over-priced; you may find some bargains in semiprecious stones and alligator articles, and a few of the locally made colognes (with an orange-essence base) are worthwhile. All are available in most central shops.



Most noteworthy in the Dominican Republic are tortoise-shell objects. They are found practically anywhere, but the best shop is Timi's Studio, at Arzobispo Meriño 20, Ciudad Trujillo. Made on the premises, articles are priced from \$1.50 up, with handbags from \$7.50 to \$15, belts from \$3 up, bracelets (inlaid with silver coins) from \$12 to \$15, and so on. Timi's also does custom work.

Dominican markets and the gift shops around Plaza Colón, in the center of Ciudad Trujillo, offer a variety of reasonably priced fiber products, the best of which are made from *cabulla*. *Caoba*, or mahogany, products are displayed everywhere, and hand-embroidered blouses and the like are very fine. Children's handbags are especially charming, and so are the rag dolls in local costume. Prices run higher at hotel and airport gift shops.



The attempts of the UN International Labour Office, Point Four, and the Ecuadorean Institute of Anthropology and Geography to improve Indian weaving techniques are beginning to show results, and the textiles produced so far at these centers are of high quality and in excellent taste, for the most part decorated with traditional designs. At the Institute in Quito (Avenida 10 de Agosto, 133) the traveler can buy all types of yard goods, rugs, blankets, tablecloths, and clothing at very reasonable prices. Although there is no organized store, someone is always on hand to help the shopper. Rugs cost from \$26 to \$40 per square meter, depending on the number of knots; good-size throws or blankets, around \$40; and tablecloths with six napkins, from \$10 to \$14. The Institute has also introduced women's dresses patterned after Indian models—skirt, *ucunchi* or blouse, and shawl (\$13 to \$20).

The Point Four Program has a center in Otavalo where excellent woollens for suits or dresses are sold. There is also a market in Otavalo where one can buy woollens, cotton yardage (*lienzo*), the best ponchos, colorful baskets, and so forth. The Otavalo Indians also peddle their wares in their village and in Quito, Ambato, Riobamba, and Cuenca, and there's no need to worry about their quality.

Poncho designs vary according to the region, and those from Chimborazo are very striking. You might find some in Quito at an open-air market on Pasaje Tovar. For more precise information, inquire at the Institute of Anthropology.

Also in Quito, at Olga Fisch's "Folklore" shop (Avenida Colón, 260), you may buy fine Guano rugs, blouses, clothing, table linens, curtains, and silver jewelry especially made under her direction, with archeological or folklore motifs. Guano rugs come from the little town of that name, a rug-weaving center in Chimborazo Province, and can be purchased there for less, but in different designs.

Guaranteed 900 silver pieces can be found in Quito at Hamilton, Calle Chile, 1067 (corner of Plaza de la Independencia). At Fábrica Akios, Calle Gorivar, 250, there are lovely women's shoes, handbags, and hats made from woven Indian belts, and leather goods.

Panama hats, made mainly in Cuenca, Manta, and Montecristi, can be bought anywhere.

EL SALVADOR

One attractive buy is the unique handmade cloth dolls representing Indian and peasant types fashioned by Zelia Lardé. Sizes vary, but you can have them made to order. They are found in San Salvador at María Loucel's store on Cuarta Avenida Norte and Calle Delgado, second floor. Here you will also find the famous Ilobasco clay miniatures of religious or everyday scenes made by Domingo, in case you are not able to visit the village in Cabañas Department. For the costume collector, there is the typical dress from Izalco, consisting of wrap-around multicolored skirt, hand-woven belt, and embroidered blouse. *Guacales* and *jicaras* are varieties of decorated gourds, also from Izalco; the hand-woven cotton bedspreads, throws, tablecloths, napkins, mats, and rugs are added attractions.

Hemp hammocks, bags, mats, and so on, cotton textiles, and the brightly patterned *petates* or straw mats woven by the women of Nahuizalco can be found on Calle Arce and Tercera Avenida Norte (west side of the Central Marketplace). The leather-goods store on the corner of Primera Calle Oriente and Tercera Avenida Norte offers wide choice.

In the old Indian town of Panchimalco, about an hour from the capital by car, you will find interesting woven headdresses and pottery.

GUATEMALA

Handicraft-rich Guatemala is like one vast atelier, with every Indian a highly skilled and imaginative artist. Each village has its distinctive dress, so it takes a real connoisseur to identify costumes, but wearing apparel offers unlimited possibilities for those interested in textiles. The shopper can choose in quality and price from a wide array of skirts, dresses, jackets, sport shorts and shirts for men and women, table linen, and yardage made of foot-loomed cotton in lovely colors with finger-woven designs or Indian motifs. Skirts and shirts run from \$5 up, dresses and jackets from \$8 up.

Blankets—made of local wool, foot-loomed with Indian motifs—are sold everywhere by Indian peddlers and in the shops; the outside stalls at the capital's Central Market along Octava Calle carry a good assortment. Prices depend on size, quality of wool, and weaving; the coarse, heavy variety, used as rugs, begin at about \$10, the fine, light ones for beds at \$15. To see them made and buy them cheaper, the highland village of Momostenango, which produces the best, is well worth a visit.

A unique Guatemalan silver buy is the Cobán Wedding Chain, long enough to be draped about the necks of both bride and groom. Most shops carry them and the price, starting at \$3.50, varies according to length and

thickness and shopkeeper's whim. While the Mayan motif has been overdone in silver jewelry and tableware, it is possible to find simpler articles. Tooled leather shoulder bags and belts (natural and in color) begin at \$5; the "feed bags" with leather bottoms and textile bodies are also attractive, priced from \$4.

Shops in Guatemala City are easily accessible—along Doce Calle, between Cuarta and Sexta Avenidas, and also on Sexta, Séptima, and Octava Avenidas and Novena Calle. Of course, the Central Market is a must, both inside and outside stalls. The old city of Antigua also offers some very lovely shops. Weaving is done on the premises in some, in both Antigua and the capital, and goes on in every highland village.

HAITI

Haiti's foremost commercial articles are the familiar mahogany items—salad bowls, trays, and various types of table ware. You will find them in most shops along the Rue du Quai, right in the center of Port-au-Prince. But to admire the imaginative quality of Haitian paintings, pottery, folk and popular art, and sculpture—and to acquire it—you must visit the Centre d'Art and Le Foyer des Arts Plastiques. Shops around town also carry fine basketry, woven mats, straw bags, beach hats, and so on—attractive, inexpensive, and easy to carry.

HONDURAS

Honduran handicraft is made mostly of palm fiber, wood, or silver. There are artfully woven holders for drinking glasses, ladies' purses, men's hats (unblocked), and the like, in a wide range of prices. Good to excellent furniture of Spanish cedar or mahogany (the best Honduran woods) can be had, but mostly on contract; it naturally requires time for delivery. A tea table, for example, costs about \$40. The Mayan motif is overdone in the hardwood book ends, trays, and so on, but there are some plainer objects showing the beautiful grain to advantage, at prices from \$2 to \$20. Most of these can be acquired in Tegucigalpa at Elizabeth Handicrafts, near the Cathedral; Marianita de Honduras, opposite the Boston Hotel; the Hotel Prado Gift Shop; or the airport gift shop.

MEXICO

Perhaps a good introduction to the bewildering wealth of Mexican arts and crafts would be a visit to the Museo

Nacional de Artes e Industrias Populares in Mexico City (Juárez 44, across from the Juárez monument), run by the National Institute of Anthropology. It displays authentic objects from all over Mexico—silver, polychrome figures, basketry, ceramics (including charming surrealist little animals), some blouses and skirts. The quality is high, the items have been chosen with taste, and prices are moderate for what you get. One advantage is that you can find objects which elsewhere are available only at certain seasons, like Christmas or All Souls' decorations. Even if you don't buy anything, you will learn to recognize quality articles.

A good privately run handicrafts shop is Casa Cervantes (Juárez 18), which carries good articles along with the more "touristy" ones.

A number of shops on the Paseo de la Reforma, like Tillet's (which has several branches), cater to sophisticated tastes and carry clothing, jewelry, and other things made by Mexican craftsmen under the guidance of U. S. designers. The most fashionable shopping street is now Niza, lined with specialty shops carrying luscious and excellent handbags, blouses, jewelry, and so on.

If you want to buy your sarapes on the spot, Saltillo offers them bright-colored and light-weight, Oaxaca, heavier and darker. The ever-present green-and-pink rainbow sarapes are not authentic. Make the test for wool content by lighting a thread (if it burns, it's not wool), and remember that blue fades.

The natural-color, soft pottery from San Pedro Tlaquepaque (a suburb of Guadalajara), though colorful, chips easily; Oaxaca has good black pottery; and the famous Puebla glazed majolica tiles and tableware (light gray or white with blue, green, or yellow designs) are very sturdy.

From Uruapan come decorated lacquer objects—most common are the trays, but bowls and boxes also—with stylized designs reminiscent of Pennsylvania Dutch. The best objects are made of hardwoods, cheaper ones of pine. Some of the trays are easily marred by alcohol.

Though Taxco is the silver capital, silverware is no cheaper there than in Mexico City. Spratling's and Borda have some of the best designs.

For the inexperienced, shops rather than markets are the best bet in Mexico City. True, the huge Mercado de la Merced, for instance, has lots of excellent things, especially yard goods, but the capital is so highly developed as a tourist center that it is hard to separate the genuine from the ersatz in most marketplaces.

Nicaragua

Managua specialties include the handsome hand-embroidered handkerchiefs and linen or silk blouses of Lola Vigil's store, on Calle 15 de Septiembre, between Avenida Central and Primavera Avenida, S. O. There is a profusion of leather goods all over, but it may take some

work to weed out the "tourist" articles. Outstanding are the handsome rawhide suitcases and saddles, but alligator, snake, and deerskin items are also available. Two good stores for these are Martínez, on Calle Central, between Tercera and Cuarta Avenida Este, and Casa del Lagarto, Primera Avenida Este, between Tercera and Cuarta Calles, S. E., which also make things to order.

Of a less utilitarian nature, but a delight to the gourmet, is the wonderful smoked cheese (*queso de crema de mantequilla*). Snappy enough to be used for canapés, it comes coated in paraffin and well packed for travel. A whole cheese weighs from two and a half to five pounds, but you can buy it by the pound for just under a dollar. It is found in Casa Sampson, Primera Calle, S. E., between Segunda and Tercera Avenidas Este.

Panama

Although Panama is not a great handicraft center, you can find a variety of interesting needlework (blouses, and so on) and leather and wooden goods. "Panama" hats, made in Ecuador, sell well in the country for which they are named. For the collector, of course, the ornate, embroidered *pollera* dress is one of the handsomest of costumes, although those of good quality must be made to order and may run as high as \$200.

The real joy about Panama, however, is that, as a free port, it offers the traveler articles from all over the world at very low prices: French perfumes, Swedish crystal, British china, Indian cloth, Chinese silk, Irish linen, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Paraguay

The country's specialty is, of course, *ñanduti* lace; the best and prettiest is the black or white, made of the thinnest Irish linen thread, closely tied (the *Guarani* word means, literally, "cobweb"). Descended from Tenerife lace, but highly perfected in Paraguay, *ñanduti* comes mainly from one village, Itauguá, which is on the way to the lake resort of San Bernardino. Handkerchiefs and doilies range from \$.75 to \$1, head shawls from \$4 to \$10; large tablecloths may cost up to \$100. Several shops on Calle Colón in Asunción (near the custom house) feature *ñanduti*, but it is also sold by women peddlers at the hotels.

Aô-poi (cotton or linen cloth decorated with lace or embroidery) is fashioned into women's blouses and men's shirts. Traditional colors are black embroidery on white cloth for women and all white for men. Fascinating puzzle rings that fit into each other come in silver (\$1 up) and gold (\$6 up). Clay figurines of Paraguayan types made

by the late artist Marsal are highly prized and not too easy to find in Asunción gift shops, but others have continued the tradition.

If you are a musician, you may want to pick up a locally made guitar or harp. Both are used in local folk music and are relatively cheap. The beautiful Paraguayan woods and fine craftsmanship will supply you with lovely pieces of furniture; many can be found in the shop owned by the Hutterites, in Asunción.



PERU

Peru is extremely rewarding for the traveler interested in folk art. First, in the stores or markets of Ayacucho and Huancavelica (or even in Lima if you're not going that far), there are primitive religious *retablos*, brightly painted home shrines with images inside; Pucará pottery bulls, vividly decorated, trying to look ferocious but managing only an impish expression; red-and-white unglazed Ayacucho ceramics representing folk types, animals, and so on. There are also decorative tooled gourds. All may be found in unsuspected second-story popular-arts shops on Lima's Boza Street. The downtown stores on the Jirón de la Unión carry a profusion of silver and gold jewelry and objects, and if you have hawk eyes you may find good designs among the thousands of tourist items. The proportion of silver used in each object is stamped by law on the bottom. The best place to buy silver tableware is Tienda Camusso, on Avenida del Progreso, just outside of Lima. Although they are found in other countries too, it is not hard to get the fancy colonial copper or bronze stirrups in Lima.

If you want to splurge, there are luxurious vicuña blankets or less expensive hand-woven wool ones; and hand-woven textiles and rugs. Quite likely, on your way to see the ruins of Machu Picchu, you will stop in Cuzco, where there are beautiful woolen stoles, ponchos, throws, and the like. The Cuzco dress is a handsome one to add to a costume collection. Although silver is abundantly displayed, it is more expensive than in the capital and there's less choice. Cuzco's own market is not strong on these items, but they are found in gift shops. The Pisac market, nearby, is famous for its textiles.



URUGUAY

As a highly industrialized country, Uruguay offers the traveler excellent quality in manufactured articles, especially those derived from the country's main exports—leather goods and woollens. These, and lovely nutria coats, are available in the best Montevideo stores.

There are no handicrafts to speak of, except for objects

connected with horseback riding or country life. Among these is the *recado criollo*, an elaborate saddle of Spanish and Arab influence, sometimes silver- or gold-trimmed. There are numerous accessories, including the *rebenque* or *talero*—a whip with leather-covered handle ending in a strap or ring of tooled leather or trimmed in silver or gold—and interesting spurs decorated with the same metals. Polished and tooled horn containers called *chifles* are supposed to keep water and other liquids cool. Tanned hides, in their natural shape, make unusual rugs for informal rooms. Straight-blade daggers with silver or gold handles and sheaths are particularly handsome. All of these can be found at Casa Schiavo, Uruguay corner of Río Negro; Platería Espetrini, Miguelete 1474; or Tala-bartería Amarelle, Agraciada 4257 (this is the oldest store in town specializing in such items).



VENEZUELA

Among the interesting examples of popular art sold in the exhibit room of the Ministerio de Fomento in Caracas are clay figurines from Táriba, in Táchira State, used mostly in Nativity scenes. The Three Wise Men, which are larger and harder to come by, may cost a bit more, but all are reasonable. The paper-light *anime* wood is used for figurines, fruits, flowers, and boxes with floral designs made in Mérida and Trujillo States. The Ministerio also offers typical instruments, among them maracas (some authentic, some of the "souvenir" type) and the *cuatro*, a small four-string guitar used to accompany dances and songs from the plains and the West.

Rare collectors' items are the Afro-Venezuelan ritual drums from Barlovento and the huge, weird but decorative masks of the San Francisco de Yare "devil dancers." Attempts to obtain these might be made through the Instituto de Investigaciones Folklóricas of the Ministry of Education, in Caracas.

Ciudad Bolívar, capital of the state of the same name, offers authentic, exotic, and decorative Indian wares (which can be acquired after prolonged haggling with Indian families). In the same town you will find inexpensive, curious miniature human figures and animals made out of rubber, and fragile jewelry of *oro cochano*, or pure gold. This, though skillfully wrought, tends to be a bit monotonous in design. More interesting, perhaps, are the pure gold nuggets from which pendants, pins, bracelets, and rosaries are made. Both types of jewelry are also found in Caracas; one of the best places is Panchita Lavadié's workshop in the Veroes building, corner of Veroes.

Margarita Island, famous for its pearls, will delight the ladies, who can delve into handfuls of them. Here they are naturally less expensive than in Caracas.

Should you go to Maracaibo, you might want some of the large hand-decorated pottery jars made by the Guajiro Indians and sold in the Indian section. ♦ ♦ ♦

how to Build a touri

No neon, no commercialism, just hospitality, Pennsylvania Dutch style

KATHLEEN WALKER

"Hear the Plain People's history and life story told sincerely and respectfully. . ."

"Because of the unusual flavors created by Pennsylvania Dutch cooking, you may not care for a particular dish. In this case we will be glad to credit the full amount toward any other dish you may desire. . ."

"You will find no signs pointing to the [Amish] farm, no advertising at all. So we shall have to give you rather precise instructions on how to get there. Go to Bareville on Route 23, proceed one-half mile east on 23 until you come to Hurst's New and Used Furniture Store, a brick house. Turn right onto the Groffdale Road. Continue straight exactly one mile and then turn right on the first macadamized road. Continue on four-tenths of a mile and you will find the name on the mailbox. Turn in the farm lane and have some ice cream while you chat with an Amish family. But please do not wear your welcome thin by bringing out your camera. . ."

"The activities of this Pennsylvania Dutch family, which brought about the selling of their product under the label Wos-Wit (what do you want), were fostered of thrift, perseverance, and an unflinching trust in God in all their undertakings. . ."

The Pennsylvania Dutch brook no nonsense in their travel literature. The forthright tips for the tourist quoted above are typical of their unstereotyped approach to the outlander. A proud, practical people, they are eager to share their way of life. But they shrewdly foresee the risks entailed in spreading out the welcome mat and keep a wary hand ready to pull it back in.

Judging by what some call the "Renaissance of Pennsylvania," their method has paid off. The Pennsylvania Dutch (who despite the English corruption of the term are not Dutch at all, but German) settled the southeastern section of the state at the invitation of William Penn before the American Revolution, fleeing persecution in their homelands along the Rhine. Over the centuries their cultural contribution was ignored as steadily in the United States as that of the Indian in many Latin American countries. Until roughly twenty years ago, that is. Since then, their influence has cropped up on every side. Their love of pattern and color has tempted potter and painter to borrow their stylized designs of tulip, fish, and distelfink bird. The quaint sayings in their hind-foremost

English (many of which we doubt were ever said by a Pennsylvania Dutchman) brighten U. S. greeting cards: "Of late you have been early; you used to be behind before; I'm glad to see you first at last." Shoo-fly pie and seven-sweets-and-seven-sours they purportedly serve at every meal have made their regional cookery famous.

A current musical hit on Broadway, *Plain and Fancy*, deals with the most picturesque of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the bearded and bonneted Amish. Known as the Plain People—as opposed to the Gay Dutch—they are the most conservative of the many religious sects of the region, which also include the Mennonites and Dunkards plus innumerable splinter groups. Actually, the nonconforming Amish are an offshoot of the Mennonites founded in Switzerland late in the seventeenth century by Jacob Amman. Although there are Amish communities scattered through eighteen east-central and midwestern states, plus one in Canada, those in Pennsylvania constitute the oldest, wealthiest, and third largest group.

The peace-loving Amish pursue a contented but isolated existence close to the soil, much like the frontier



Amish women wear prayer cap at all times; Dutch bob and suspenders are the rule for young boys

st industry

farmer. For generation after generation the anachronistic Yoders and Zooks and Hostetlers have lived like their ancestors before them, resisting change, skeptical of the machine, ruled by the strict discipline of their religion. The orthodox branch, the House Amish, worship in the homes; each family takes turns acting as host to some thirty families in its own district. Removable partitions and benches make it possible to accommodate them in a single house. A non-salaried bishop, assisted by several preachers and a deacon, all chosen by lot, conduct the service in High German, a Biblical German colored by their dialect.



Solid citizens of the Pennsylvania Dutch community. Amishmen grow beards when they marry

After several hours of preaching, praying, and singing, long tables are spread with the rich, heavy Dutch food, and the worshipers relax over gossip, jokes, and topics of the day. That night, the young people may hold one of their Sunday evening "singings." Music is important to the Amish, whether the "slow tunes" chanted in a sing-song voice at religious services, or the "fast tunes"—hymns like *Silent Night* that are sung in German on festive occasions.

Although services are held only every other Sunday, the Amish practice their religion every day in the week. Entirely lacking in missionary zeal, the Amishman is interested solely in being an upright, first-rate farmer. Should he ever kick over the traces—"He got his haircut" or "He went English," they say of him—he is ostracized by the community.

The Old Order Amish have neither telephones nor electricity in their homes, and use horse and buggy for transportation. Every now and then the motorist on the back roads around Lancaster meets one of their shiny black buggies, the driver's big, broad-brimmed hat bobbing in rhythm with the horse's canter. (The winter felts—replaced in summer by straw—are made by Stetson and

sell for seventy-five dollars in the Plain Clothes Section of a Lancaster department store.) Just as inconsistent as the rest of us, the men insist on hooks and eyes instead of buttons on their coats and vests, but do not object to buttons on their trousers. Their short, split-tail coats may be an adaptation of the old "Shadbelly" coats, which were split and buttoned to the sleeves for easy horseback riding. The women wear their hair long, with a pert white bonnet called a "prayer veil" covering the primly braided bun.

At the core of Amish life is the family, and they have big ones of seven or eight children. Suspicious of modern conveniences, these people spend much of their time growing and preserving their own food, baking their own bread, and making their own clothes. Even in their leisure they scarcely feel the need for modern trappings. Husking bees and apple *schnitzin* (apple-peeling parties) take the place of television and movies. Insurance is also taboo and, in fact, unnecessary. When the old folks retire, they move into the *grossdawdy haus* (grandfather house) adjacent to the main dwelling and let the young people run the farm. When disaster strikes, the neighbors stand ready to help through the crisis. Supposing a barn is destroyed by fire. Before sunrise the neighbors arrive from miles around; while the men work feverishly through the day, the women serve refreshments, and by nightfall the job is done.

Amish beliefs have occasionally brought them into conflict with school- or draft-board. They see little need for their children to be formally educated beyond grade school; much better for them to learn how to farm at home. In war time they are conscientious objectors, but they have contributed large sums to war relief and



The Amish rig, a familiar sight in Lancaster County, is a two-seated buggy with a top; single boys use open, one-seated carriage

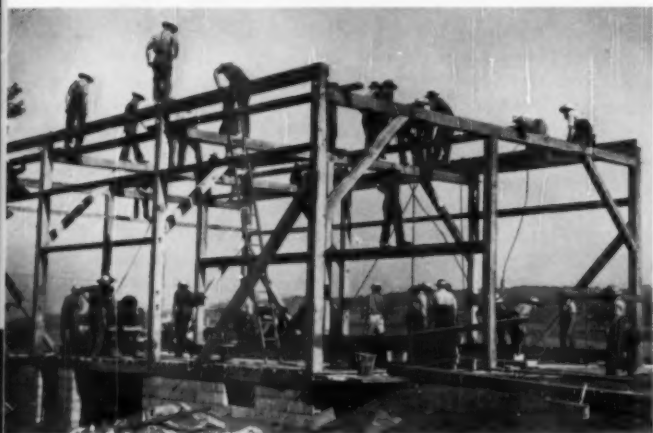
donated food, clothing, soap, and canned meats and fruit for postwar rehabilitation.

Since the only Amish people in the world now live in the United States and Canada, they are a source of considerable curiosity to outsiders. Fortunately, the Gay Dutch regard their chief tourist attraction with a disarming respect. This prompts them to restrain over-zealous

sightseers, who are prone to invade the privacy of the Plain People. It also moves them to do everything in their power to prevent distortions and correct erroneous impressions; they were highly incensed, for example, by the recent movie boner that portrayed the Amish using the Quaker term "thee."

The tourist industry the Pennsylvania Dutch are building rests solidly on a warm hospitality and a stubborn insistence on authenticity. Six years ago they launched their annual Kutztown fair, which has grown into the largest folk festival in the country. Just to keep the record straight, they hold a seminar on the folk culture of the Pennsylvania Dutch country right on the fairgrounds.

For this yearly festival, which is always held during the Fourth of July week end, some hundred thousand visitors converge on the village of Kutztown, a typical



Barn-raising is a social occasion for the uninsured Amish, who count on their neighbors to pitch in and help during an emergency

Pennsylvania Dutch community. Sophisticated New Yorkers arrive in limousines and buses, fascinated by the curious ways of the Dutch. Farmers from the surrounding counties come to visit with their neighbors, to ride the Ferris Wheel on the Midway, or to chuckle over the dialect programs in the main tent. (They themselves lapse into it to exchange off-color stories.) Last year there were "Dutch"-speaking Canadian visitors, descendants of a colony of Pennsylvanians who migrated to Ontario 150 years ago. Even the Amish showed up during the first years of the fair; then they got tired of being stared at.

The Kutztown festival is a good show, and probably the cleanest carnival on earth. The tiny fairground, set amid the blue Pennsylvania hills, is vigorously scrubbed down every night to restore its original hospital polish. For four days visitors sample a colorful slice of Dutch life. In the craft section one stops to chat with a third-generation tinsmith while he deftly ships out an old-fashioned cookie cutter in the shape of an animal. The whir of the potter's wheel blends with the distant bells of the six-horse Conestoga wagon, Pennsylvania's contribution to eighteenth-century transportation that carried the pioneers westward. Antique-lovers browse among such family heirlooms as decorated dower chests and squeak toys in

the Main Exhibition Hall or pore over one of those illuminated handwritten texts in *fraktur* (German lettering) in the art exhibit. Like an afterthought, there is even an "Etc. Building" exhibiting all kinds of pioneer household utensils, from spinning wheel to butchering tools.

Thirty booths are devoted to Dutch cookery, presided over by women in the garb of an earlier day turning out such delicacies as the Pennsylvania Dutch doughnuts, called *fausnachts*. Last year a mammoth, ten-inch bun sandwich, christened the "distelburger," was introduced, containing one ingredient—the prized Lebanon Dutch bologna, for example—from each of the Pennsylvania Dutch counties in the area. Result: a hearty, one-dish meal. Grange and church groups prepare a full-course fare for visitors, served family style; they advertise "all you can eat for \$2.00."

The highlight of last year's festival was a delightful informal pageant of "Dutch Country Life Seventy-Five Years Ago." Without prepared script or plot, a group of people on stage in the main tent simply paraded Dutch farm customs in pantomime—slaughtering, baking, folk singing, dancing, and the like. (One child became so absorbed in a "play-party game" that she forgot where she was and skipped off the edge of the stage.) The narrator was a charming old lady who described what was going on in her own words—as she remembered it.

For the serious-minded, panel discussions are carried on every day in an air-conditioned administration building, led by the staff of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center at Franklin and Marshall College, in nearby Lancaster. They concern themselves with every facet of Dutch life, from literature to religion (Lancaster County, the heart of the Dutchlands, is said to embrace more



The spicy fragrance of boiling apple butter permeates the festival at Kutztown, which parades the customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch

sects than any other comparable rural region in the United States). Last year, among other subjects, the fledgling tourist industry was given a going-over. Paul L. H. Heine, manager of the Brunswick Hotel in Lancaster, told how the movement sprang up in response to the visitor's repeated request "to see an Amishman." The problem was how to show off the secluded Plain

People without violating their beliefs (picture-taking, for example, is a religious offense among the Amish). If needed too much, they might pick up and leave, just as one Amish gentleman is threatening to move because there are "too many buses."

Finally, after a series of fourteen visits to one of the more broadminded Amish, Mr. Heine broached the subject of allowing visitors to stop at his farm. "He didn't mind serving the delicious Amish ice cream to a carload of tourists," Mr. Heine reported, "but he balked at a busload because he felt it was too commercial." Mr. Heine and his colleagues recruited and trained a group of intelligent guides—one is a retired school principal—and after traveling over five thousand miles themselves,



Tinsmith at fair snips cookie cutters; Pennsylvania Dutch boast 600 different shapes, including animals, fish, birds, flowers

worked out some tours of the countryside varied enough, they felt, to suit all tastes. These include weekend package trips, available through Bingler Tours of New York or the Hotel Brunswick in Lancaster and costing about thirty and forty dollars, respectively, and a four-hour, five-dollar Junior Tour, put on by the Brunswick for those who are in the neighborhood for only one day. It costs about \$3.50 to hire one of the high-caliber guides on your own.

"Yonnie's Pennsylvania Dutch Week Ends" starts the visitor out at the picturesque Lancaster market, then takes him through the rolling Amish lands for a look at some of the best farms in the country, allowing him stops at a carriage or furniture shop to chin with an Amish blacksmith or cabinetmaker; it shows him such historical landmarks as the restored Cloisters at Ephrata, a unique eighteenth-century Baptist settlement, and gives him a chance to watch pretzel bending at a bakery en route. At lunchtime, a Pennsylvania Dutch picnic is served in a one-room schoolhouse. Last summer an Amish farm outside Lancaster was opened to the public. A family of liberal Church Amish live in one wing of the house.

Three men native to this region who have done much

to awaken an interest in the Pennsylvania Dutch are a triumvirate of faculty members who founded the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center on the campus of Franklin and Marshall College in 1949. All have studied their heritage in the folklore centers of Europe; each is interested in a different aspect of the culture. Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, director of the center, has collected proverbs, literature, folk-beliefs, and place names in his wanderings through the hills and valleys of the Dutch country. A scholar who also believes in a popular approach, he uses radio, television, and newspaper columns to inform the public about his people. Dr. Don Yoder brings to the center a formal training in religion. He has contributed considerable original research to the history of the Dutch movement. Every year he conducts a Pennsylvania Tour of Europe "to seek the roots of Pennsylvania." Dr. J. William Frey, better known as the Burl Ives of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, is a professional folk singer with a lively guitar and an engaging manner. He presides so effectively over a folkloric evening during the Pennsylvania Dutch tours that one traveler judged him "quite alone enough of a reason to go to Lancaster."

As this year's folk festival souvenir program cheerfully observes, "The leaven is working. Someday little Kutztown—'America with a Dutch accent'—may well rank with Rose Festival Pasadena, Mummers' Parade Philadelphia, and Mardi Gras New Orleans." The motive behind this tourist movement may explain its fresh, unsophisticated charm; for the Dutch seem chiefly interested in gaining recognition rather than in making money. In any case, it makes the visitor feel more like a guest than like a tourist—a distinctly desirable feeling, on the whole. ♦ ♦ ♦



Around Kutztown, Pennsylvania Dutch decorate their enormous barns with geometric designs called, erroneously, "hex" signs

Lather and nothing else

a short story by **HERNANDO TÉLLEZ**

illustrated by **EUDORO SILVERA**

HE CAME IN without a word. I was stropping my best razor. And when I recognized him I started to shake. But he did not notice. To cover my nervousness, I went on honing the razor. I tried the edge with the tip of my thumb and took another look at it against the light.

Meanwhile, he was taking off his cartridge-studded belt with the pistol holster suspended from it. He put it on a hook in the wardrobe and hung his cap above it. Then he turned full around toward me and, loosening his tie, remarked: "It's hot as the devil. I want a shave." With that he took his seat.

I estimated he had a four days' growth of beard. The four days he had been gone on the last foray after our men. His face looked burnt, tanned by the sun.

I started to work carefully on the shaving soap. I scraped some slices from the cake, dropped them into the mug, then added a little lukewarm water, and stirred with the brush. The lather soon began to rise.

"The fellows in the troop must have just about as much beard as I," I went on stirring up lather.

"But we did very well, you know. We caught the leaders. Some of them we brought back dead, others are still alive. But they'll all be dead soon."

"How many did you take?" I asked.

"Fourteen. We had to go pretty far in to find them. But now they're paying for it. And not one will escape; not a single one."

He leaned back in the chair when he saw the brush in my hand, full of lather. I had not yet put the sheet on him. I was certainly flustered. Taking a sheet from the drawer, I tied it around my customer's neck.

He went on talking. He evidently took it for granted I was on the side of the existing regime.

"The people must have gotten a scare with what happened the other day," he said.

Colombian **HERNANDO TÉLLEZ**, erstwhile diplomat and senator, once edited *Semana*, Bogotá's lively newsweekly. He writes profusely on political and literary subjects as well as short fiction. "Lather and Nothing Else" is from his book *Cenizas para el Viento y Otras Historias* (*Ashes for the Wind and Other Stories*). Panamanian artist **EUDORO SILVERA**, who is both painter and musician, did the illustration. The translation is by *Clara Wait*.

"Yes," I replied, as I finished tying the knot against his nape, which smelt of sweat.

"Good show, wasn't it?"

"Very good," I answered, turning my attention now to the brush. The man closed his eyes wearily and awaited



the cool caress of the lather.

I had never had him so close before. The day he ordered the people to file through the schoolyard to look upon the four rebels hanging there, my path had crossed his briefly. But the sight of those mutilated bodies kept me from paying attention to the face of the man who had been directing it all and whom I now had in my hands.

It was not a disagreeable face, certainly. And the beard, which aged him a bit, was not unbecoming. His name was Torres. Captain Torres. A man with imagination, because who else had ever thought to string up the naked rebels and then use certain parts of their bodies for target practice?

I started to lay on the first coat of lather. He kept his eyes closed.

"I would love to catch a nap," he said, "but there's a lot to be done this evening."

I lifted the brush and asked, with pretended indifference: "A firing party?"

"Something of the sort," he replied, "but slower."

"All of them?"

"No, just a few."

I went on lathering his face. My hands began to tremble again. The man could not be aware of this, which was lucky for me. But I wished he had not come in. Probably many of our men had seen him enter the shop. And with the enemy in my house I felt a certain responsibility.

I would have to shave his beard just like any other, carefully, neatly, just as though he were a good customer, taking heed that not a single pore should emit a drop of blood. Seeing to it that the blade did not slip in the small whorls. Taking care that the skin was left clean, soft, shining, so that when I passed the back of my hand over it not a single hair should be felt. Yes. I was secretly a revolutionary, but at the same time I was a conscientious barber, proud of the way I did my job. And that four-day beard presented a challenge.

I took up the razor, opened the handle wide, releasing the blade, and started to work, downward from one sideburn. The blade responded to perfection. The hair was



tough and hard; not very long, but thick. Little by little the skin began to show through. The razor gave out its usual sound as it gathered up layers of soap mixed with bits of hair. I paused to wipe it clean, and taking up the strop once more went about improving its edge, for I am a painstaking barber.

The man, who had kept his eyes closed, now opened them, put a hand out from under the sheet, felt of the part of his face that was emerging from the lather, and said to me: "Come at six o'clock this evening to the school."

"Will it be like the other day?" I asked, stiff with horror.

"It may be even better," he replied.

"What are you planning to do?"

"I'm not sure yet. But we'll have a good time."

Once more he leaned back and shut his eyes. I came closer, the razor on high.

"Are you going to punish all of them?" I timidly ventured.

"Yes, all of them."

The lather was drying on his face. I must hurry. Through the mirror, I took a look at the street. It appeared about as usual: there was the grocery shop with two or three customers. Then I glanced at the clock: two-thirty.

The razor kept descending. Now from the other side-burn downward. It was a blue beard, a thick one. He should let it grow like some poets, or some priests. It would suit him well. Many people would not recognize him. And that would be a good thing for him, I thought, as I went gently over all the throat line. At this point you really had to handle your blade skillfully, because the hair, while scantier, tended to fall into small whorls. It was a curly beard. The pores might open, minutely, in this area and let out a tiny drop of blood. A good barber like myself stakes his reputation on not permitting that to happen to any of his customers.

And this was indeed a special customer. How many of ours had he sent to their death? How many had he had mutilated? It was best not to think about it. Torres did not know I was his enemy. Neither he nor the others knew it. It was a secret shared by very few, just because that made it possible for me to inform the revolutionaries about Torres' activities in the town and what he planned to do every time he went on one of his raids to hunt down rebels. So it was going to be very difficult to explain how it was that I had him in my hands and then let him go in peace, alive, clean-shaven.

His beard had now almost entirely disappeared. He looked younger, several years younger than when he had come in. I suppose that always happens to men who enter and leave barbershops. Under the strokes of my razor Torres was rejuvenated; yes, because I am a good barber, the best in this town, and I say this in all modesty.

A little more lather here, under the chin, on the Adam's apple, right near the great vein. How hot it is! Torres must be sweating just as I am. But he is not afraid. He is a tranquil man, who is not even giving

thought to what he will do to his prisoners this evening. I, on the other hand, polishing his skin with this razor but avoiding the drawing of blood, careful with every stroke—I cannot keep my thoughts in order.

Confound the hour he entered my shop! I am a revolutionary but not a murderer. And it would be so easy to kill him. He deserves it. Or does he? No, damn it! No one deserves the sacrifice others make in becoming assassins. What is to be gained by it? Nothing. Others and still others keep coming, and the first kill the second, and then these kill the next, and so on until everything becomes a sea of blood. I could cut this throat, so, swish, swish! He would not even have time to moan, and with his eyes shut he would not even see the shine of the razor or the gleam in my eye.

But I'm shaking like a regular murderer. From his throat a stream of blood would flow on the sheet, over the chair, down on my hands, onto the floor. I would have to close the door. But the blood would go flowing, along the floor, warm, indelible, not to be stanchied, until it reached the street, like a small scarlet river.

I'm sure that with a good strong blow, a deep cut, he would feel no pain. He would not suffer at all. And what would I do then with the body? Where would I hide it? I would have to flee, leave all this behind, take shelter far away, very far away. But they would follow until they caught up with me. "The murderer of Captain Torres. He slit his throat while he was shaving him. What a cowardly thing to do!"

And others would say: "The avenger of our people. A name to remember"—my name here. "He was the town barber. No one knew he was fighting for our cause."

And so, which will it be? Murderer or hero? My fate hangs on the edge of this razor blade. I can turn my wrist slightly, put a bit more pressure on the blade, let it sink in. The skin will yield like silk, like rubber, like the strop. There is nothing more tender than a man's skin, and the blood is always there, ready to burst forth. A razor like this cannot fail. It is the best one I have.

But I don't want to be a murderer. No, sir. You came in to be shaved. And I do my work honorably. I don't want to stain my hands with blood. Just with lather, and nothing else. You are an executioner; I am only a barber. Each one to his job. That's it. Each one to his job.

The chin was now clean, polished, soft. The man got up and looked at himself in the glass. He ran his hand over the skin and felt its freshness, its newness.

"Thanks," he said. He walked to the wardrobe for his belt, his pistol, and his cap. I must have been very pale, and I felt my shirt soaked with sweat. Torres finished adjusting his belt buckle, straightened his gun in its holster, and, smoothing his hair mechanically, put on his cap. From his trousers pocket he took some coins to pay for the shave. And he started toward the door. On the threshold he stopped for a moment, and turning toward me he said:

"They told me you would kill me. I came to find out if it was true. But it's not easy to kill. I know what I'm talking about." ♦ ♦ ♦

up the AMAZON

an easy, inexpensive journey by river steamer

ELIZABETH KEEN

"SO YOU WANT TO SEE BRAZIL," says the travel agent, thumbing a flight schedule or, if you prefer a sea voyage, offering a choice of sleek liners. But there is a third and, to me, more rewarding way: by river steamer.

I have flown over the Amazon forest—a memorable experience, but from the air the treetops looked like mile after unending mile of broccoli. I have traveled on big ships and marveled at the lovely Brazilian coastline and the splendors of Rio. Yet the jaunts that yielded the most in human relationships and comprehension of the country itself were made along a network of Brazilian rivers in wood-burning boats. The best of these was the Amazon journey, which I had longed to make ever since World War II, when I was a reporter in London. To while away the tedium of the blitz (theaters and movies closed early, and one read omnivorously to forget the racket outside), I had pored over all the books

ELIZABETH KEEN has worked for newspapers and news agencies in the United States, China, France, and England. Today she is teaching and doing graduate work at the University of Wyoming in Laramie.

on the Amazon I could lay my hands on. My favorites were H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*, Henry Walter Bates' *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*, and a wonderful book by Charles Waterton called *Wanderings in South America*.

Belém, the starting point, is a town to linger in. Its stately avenues and squares with their pink and white open-fronted buildings, some ornamented with a Wedgwood-like blue-and-white tile, are washed clean by heavy, frequent rains. The capital of Pará State and chief port of the Amazon basin, Belém reached its peak of prosperity during the wild-rubber boom in the first decade of the twentieth century. Its crumbling Old Fort, where the Portuguese settlers landed back in the seventeenth century, the Ver-O-Peso docks laced with a web of red sails, and the simple elegance of its eighteenth-century cathedral are legacies of the past. In contrast, the warehouses stacked high with odd-shaped bales and bundles wrapped in straw matting, hides, cacao, nuts, and black balls of crude rubber testify that Belém indeed has a future. The city's residents—250,000 strong—are acutely aware of this future. They are also quick to defend Belém against bizarre ideas of the sort one indignant Northern Brazilian

Markets, river steamers, and small craft meet at the waterfront in Belém, starting point for journeys up the Amazon



told me about: "Down in Rio and São Paulo they even think alligators and jaguars roam our streets."

The only wild animals I found in Belém were prudently caged, on the grounds of the Goeldi Museum where rare plants grow in the shade of enormous palms and other forest giants. Their neighbors were a host of dazzling macaws and some Amazonian oddities—electric eels, be-whiskered fish, and others with beautiful trailing fins—housed in the aquarium.

As I strolled out a long pleasant avenue one day I came upon a small Anglican church. I entered the cool, whitewashed interior of the gray stone chapel and rested for a moment on one of the dark pews, hand-hewn from Amazon hardwood. A gleam of bronze on the south wall caught my eye: a tablet had been erected to the memory of "that intrepid group of Amazon River explorers whose lives and achievements are an inspiration to all who follow"—Richard Spruce, Alfred Russel Wallace, Henry Walter Bates, William Chandless, and Herbert Edward Wallace. Though each made a significant contribution to nineteenth-century scientific knowledge of the region, Bates, who returned to England in 1859 with eight thousand entomological specimens, is perhaps best remembered, chiefly for his classic book that is a fitting companion for anyone making a trip up the Amazon.

At low tide on a June evening I prepared to leave Belém. As I followed the Grande Hotel porter along the dimly lighted dock, not a vessel in sight seemed likely to take passengers a considerable distance upriver. But suddenly the man tipped up his hand truck, dumped the luggage with a clatter, and announced our arrival.

Flush with the dock's uneven planking was an oval expanse of red metal, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet long, with a black and white funnel protruding midway. This was the *De Pinedo*, named by the Italian-born captain after an Italian aviator. A slatted chicken coop, which gave forth cheeping sounds, perched aft of the stack. Forward was a small hatch filled with a pale light and a ladder, which we descended to the main deck. Only a few minutes remained for the babel of leave-taking; then the mate sorted out the passengers from the crowds of relatives and other well-wishers. There were twenty of us aboard as the ship moved off with a fine display of fireworks spiraling from the funnel into the black night.

As is customary when traveling in tropical South America, each passenger had brought along his own hammock (I bought mine in Belém for a trifling sum), and these were soon crisscrossing the deck. All lights were out so that the pilot, as chartless as Columbus, could navigate by starlight. Swinging gently in my hammock and tasting the cool easterly breeze that was scented with fragrance from the forest bank we were following, I looked up at the stars. Over the port bow hung a sparkling kite: the Southern Cross, brighter and much nearer than I had ever seen it.

Our first stop next morning, and every morning thereafter, came when we were seated at the long table aft, enjoying a typical Northern Brazilian breakfast of sweet buns, bananas, and black coffee. Two of the crew paddled



Verdant jungle and mysterious swamp line the route, alive with myriad birds, fish, monkeys, and unseen predators



Amazonian Huckleberry Finns take advantage of not-so-secret island and side channel near Manaus

the ship's canoe to the nearest bank and cut the thick grass growing there—breakfast for the bull on the lower deck. At the same time, one of the cabin boys clattered across overhead to feed the chickens. Underway again, we zigzagged over the warm brown surface around floating islands of grass that had been washed loose from a bank somewhere and were now drifting toward the Atlantic in flotillas of purest emerald hue.

Our next halt was at a woodpile. As we approached, the boat emitted three long blasts. Once tied up to a couple of stakes in the mud, she blew three short toots: the signal recognized up and down Brazilian rivers by the forest-dwellers that a river steamer needs wood. Out they came, young and old, to scoop up armfuls of

three-foot logs and bring them aboard. Each barefoot mestizo, erect and well-built, wore tattered shorts and a sack over his head and shoulders as protection against splinters and sharp edges. A crewman sat at the head of the gangway, handing a dried bean to each wood-carrier as he dropped his load. Later, a handful of carefully counted beans was exchanged for money.

Noon came, and with it a simple meal of beef, rice, and beans. These staple foods were the usual midday and evening fare, but occasionally Captain Rossetti stopped to buy chickens or *pirarucu*, a large Amazon fish, from mestizos who paddled out in canoes to meet us. Also, the forest yielded an abundance of avocados (which Brazilians like sprinkled with sugar), oranges, and endless varieties of bananas.

No one ever bothers Brazilian river-steamer passengers with organized social activities. However, we were soon well acquainted: the courteous rubber planters, the modest girl students (one of whom suggested a game of chess), the pensive nut-exporter, the good-humored gold prospectors who would leave us at Santa Lucia to go north in search of a fortune, the hospitable captain, and the two friendly pilots, Virgilio and Mario. They were, I found, interested in politics and in the mighty problems that face all of us, no matter where we live, but every one of them, though eager to hear of life in other countries, loved Northern Brazil and was quite happy with his lot.

Often at our fuel stops we passengers went ashore into the sweet coolness of the forest, our steps noiseless on the tightly woven carpet of glossy leaves. We were dwarfed by the towering cow trees, whose red bark yields milk, fan-leaved palms a hundred feet high, giant nut trees, and trumpet trees, whose enormous leaves are silvered on the underside. Every so often we found a trading post stocked with everything the forest people would think of buying: kerosene, onions, salt, wide-brimmed hats of coarse straw, bottles of tonic, even lipsticks from São Paulo.

At one of these posts a mestizo family invited us to their hut behind the main building. The walls and roof were of palm leaves, the floor of earth, the bowls and pots of clay, the fishing implements of bone. I counted the

assembled family: the thin-haired grandmother without a tooth in her head, two middle-aged women, three younger ones, each holding a naked baby, and eleven children of varying ages, not yet old enough to help their fathers and brothers load wood. Somehow they all managed to sleep in the ten hammocks that laced the second room of their dwelling. Over by a clump of young banana plants a small thatched shed sheltered the clay oven where meal ground from the manioc root was roasted. (Bananas, fish, and bread baked from this *farinha* constitute the usual daily diet.) Beyond gleamed the pale trunk of a rubber tree, a small cup hanging beneath a fresh gash in the bark; later the milky latex would be smoked over a fire of forest nuts.

It seemed a meager, precarious existence, yet the serenity in the brown faces indicated that these people enjoy greater harmony with their environment than many of us. As we turned to go back to the *De Pinedo*, I paused before a pink hydrangea blooming in a rusty can, oddly out of place in the midst of the forest. Swiftly the grandmother stooped and broke off the blossom—her only flower, but she held it out to me.

On the fourth day the yellow-brown river and the



Near Santarém, dried fish in odd conical baskets await shipment downstream to market

forest structure seemed much the same, but we were out of the network of small tributaries leading into the Pará River and moving along the south bank of the Amazon. We had been skirting the shores of Marajó Island, ten thousand square miles of land lying between estuaries. Now we were on the main river, whose headwaters rise about four thousand miles west of its broad mouth and on which the Atlantic tide is felt more than four hundred miles upstream.

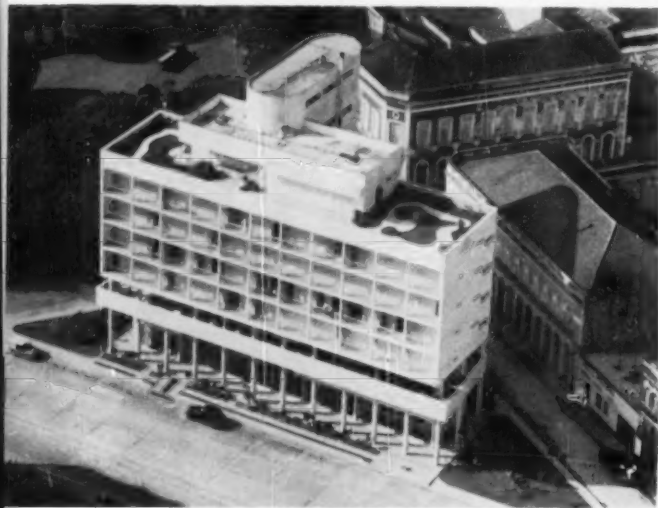
On the seventh day after leaving Belém, we arrived at our first big town. It was Santarém, a familiar name in the story of rubber, for it was near there that an Englishman, Henry Wickham, settled and experimented with raising rubber trees from seeds. In 1876, when



Barges and small steamers haul every kind of cargo up and down the river

Brazil was commanding enormous profits from a virtual world monopoly, Wickham surreptitiously shipped some seventy thousand rubber seeds to Liverpool. From there the seeds went to the Kew Botanical Gardens in London, to be planted in greenhouses. That same year, two thousand seedlings were shipped from Kew to Ceylon, and two years later twenty-two trees were sent from Ceylon to Malaya. These, and others that were to follow, had a disastrous effect on the Amazonian economy when, less than forty years later, the world found it could buy a steady supply of cultivated rubber from the new Straits Settlements plantations. A grateful British Government knighted Wickham in 1920.

It was exciting and at the same time relaxing to step ashore and stretch at Santarém. Under the midday sun its Portuguese colonial houses, white and pink and blue,



Manaus, center of trade for vast Amazon region, boasts this modern de luxe hotel

looked for all the world like an opera set. In a bungalow on the Rua dos Artistas, where blades of grass pushed up between the white cobblestones, I found the last survivor of a small colony of U.S. Southerners who had come to the town at the end of the Civil War to escape carpetbagger rule in the former Confederacy.

His name was David Bowman Riker, and despite his advanced years, he stood straight as he shook my hand and said, "I'm from Charleston, South Carolina." As a very small boy, he explained, he had sailed with his family from New York on the side-wheeler *South America*. Arriving at Belém, the Rikers had boarded the only large vessel then navigating the Amazon—the sailing ship *Inca*—for the journey to Santarém. It had been a good life here, he recalled, with his Brazilian wife and their eight children, now grown and scattered. He had last visited his homeland in 1900 but even then, after the deep peace of the Amazon, had found Charleston too noisy. For many years, he said, families from Mississippi, the Carolinas, Missouri, and even Texas had lived in the region, most of them, like his father, planting sugar cane. Then, one by one, they had pulled up

stakes, leaving my host, as he put it, "the last of the seeds that came from the South."

Our brief stay in Santarém was soon over. Just as we were about to cast off, we saw the hydroplane from Manaus land in a sheet of yellow spray, and, as it taxied up to the dock, I mused on the four-hour flight to Belém. Quick, yes, but the plane's passengers would never know what it was to swing idly in a hammock and stare at the shell-pink dolphins racing a river steamer upstream. Or gaze at the feathery enchantment of the largest rain forest in the world, whose branches interlock like the Gothic arches of a million cathedrals—a forest alive with monkeys we could see and other creatures we could only imagine, an ornithologist's paradise where parrots and parakeets chatter in their leafy shelters until, alarmed by the wash of the river against a steamer's sides, they fly off in screeching pairs, their colors flashing in the sun. Or watch the toucans fly in their awkward way—heads downward, as if their huge bills, broadly striped with blue, red, yellow, and black, were too heavy—and perch singly in the tops of the tallest trees. Or enjoy the doves, finches, and humming birds. Or see, as we did so often, the grassy banks flowering mysteriously into enormous white blossoms as the herons prepared for bed just before sunset and hid their long legs in the soft growth.

Eighty miles beyond Santarém lay Obidos, a pretty town on a bluff. Here the Amazon is less than a mile wide, its narrowest part, and the water rushes wildly between high cliffs of Tabatinga clay, purple and rose with strips of ocher. Beyond Obidos and before Manaus we stopped at the pleasant towns of Oriximina, Parantins, and Itacoatiara, and at other settlements too small to be seen on any map, yet large enough to need the kerosene, cement, and other necessities the ship carried.

Fluctuations in river level require floating docks at Manaus





Manaus "Opera House in the Jungle" recalls extravagance of the days of wild rubber boom, ended by Far East plantations

Toward four in the afternoon of the sixteenth day we were astonished to see, straight ahead where water met sky, the yellow-brown Amazon flood overlaid with a thick band of black. We all crowded to the rail when the pilot Virgilio sang out, "Rio Negro." Finally we crossed the eddying line where black met yellow. Then we saw that the eastward current of the Amazon is so strong that it dams the southbound Negro, whose waters, darkened to the color of ink by decaying vegetation, are forced toward either bank before they eventually mingle with the main stream and escape to the sea.

Crossing the line made the crew festive, just as crossing the Equator works a charm on those aboard a seagoing vessel. With little ceremony but a good deal of shouting and laughter, they dipped buckets into the black water and doused each other. It was then that Virgilio sucked in a deep breath and said, "The Negro is a wonderful river. It will take you to Colombia and Venezuela. To the Orinoco if you wish, and from there to the sea. You must make another journey some day."

The *De Pinedo* steamed up the Negro, and soon, off to starboard, the bank flowered with primrose, mauve, and azure dots. As we drew nearer, the dots became houses perched above the river on piles. Beyond lay a city, a very large city it seemed after sixteen days of forest and small towns. Squarely in the middle of the urban rooftops a giant blue, green, and gold tiled dome glittered in the hot rays of the setting sun. "There," said Virgilio, pointing, "is the fabulous opera house that rubber built in the middle of the jungle."

We had come to Manaus, and within a few minutes crowds of townsfolk swarmed aboard from the large floating dock to welcome us. No longer a stranger in Brazil, I was included in the warm reunion of two families. Just as you will be, if you make the Amazon trip on a river boat.

Founded in the late seventeenth century, Manaus thrived during the wild-rubber boom. A clean, progressive city with wide, tree-shaded streets and open-air cafés, Manaus today has a population of over 100,000. The products of a vast area served by the Amazon tributaries and covering parts even of Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia find their way there. Palm oil, cacao, Brazil nuts, hardwood, and rubber are shipped to the outside world from enormous pontoon docks that rise as much as

fifty feet in the rainy season (October to May).

Like many isolated communities, Manaus has its small country club, with tennis courts and swimming pool. But the thing to see is that incredible opera house, the *Teatro Amazonas*. From its hilltop site on Avenida Eduardo Ribeiro, it dominates the city. A gigantic stone statue of a woman, hair streaming, was erected in the black-and-white tiled plaza to commemorate the opening of the Amazon to navigation by all nations. I was told that the marble for the white stone building's supporting columns and for its stairs was imported from Italy. When the last tiles had been worked into the mosaic cap for the dome, an Italian artist came all the way from Naples to decorate the building. Inspired by the wonders of the trip up the Amazon, he painted murals in the cool-looking foyer. The interior of the dome became a blue sky, where muses and angels floated among clouds, and the huge curtain was covered with symbolic figures representing the meeting of the Amazon and the Rio Negro. Busts of the world's foremost dramatists, poets, and musicians topped columns that were arranged in a horseshoe. Loges and boxes were lined with red plush, but because of the extreme heat, canebacked seats of Amazon hardwood were installed throughout. When all was finished, more than two million gold dollars had gone into the venture. But what matter? Remember, Manaus was rich from "black gold," the name for rubber in those days. Still more money was spent to bring entire opera companies from Italy to perform there. Manaus residents who remember the splendid past say that the sets, costumes, and singing were magnificent. Nowadays the theater is used for concerts, though the plush is threadbare in spots, and bats are apt to soar about among the angels overhead.

For a trip up the Amazon, the dry season, from May to October, is the best time. Even so, there will be daily torrential rains, heat, and some mosquitoes. However, I never saw the dreaded *anopheles*, or malaria-carrying mosquito (easily distinguished because it seems to stand on its head when it bites), and to offset the heat, a pleasant breeze from the Atlantic follows all the way.

In Belém, the traveler has a choice of a number of small Brazilian wood-burners that sail weekly and sometimes oftener. If time is an important factor in your vacation plans, you can make the round trip from Belém to Manaus in just fourteen days on ocean-going passenger-cargo vessels, operated by a British company on a regular monthly schedule. The charge for a cabin with private bath is about \$168, which covers the trip both ways and allows you to use the ship as a hotel for the three- or four-day stay at Manaus.

Choose your transportation, get your typhoid and yellow fever shots, buy a bottle of chloroquin (the suppressive treatment for malaria, which you won't get anyway), pack a couple of bags with summer clothing and a raincoat, and you're on your way—as easy as that. Whether you go on a large ship or a small wood-burner—the smaller the boat, the lower your fare—you are sure to find the Amazon the best possible way of penetrating the wonderful heart of Brazil. ♦ ♦ ♦

Children's Book Fair

WHAT WITH TELEVISION and (so says Rudolf Flesch) schools that don't teach Johnny to read, it would seem quite a feat to make books entrancing to more than thirty-five thousand children. But that was just the effect of the Children's Book Fair held at the Pan American Union from November 13 through 20. For the first time

Munro Leaf, author-illustrator of widely translated juveniles, captivates Washington school children



in the Fair's six-year history, the PAU joined *The Washington Post and Times-Herald* and a number of local public and private institutions in sponsoring the event. The result was a decidedly international flavor to the exhibits and programs.

All week long, busloads of children from area schools filed noisily through the usually staid halls, examining the books on display (and occasionally retreating under the tables with them to read in peace and quiet), and jammed the Hall of the Americas for morning and afternoon storytelling sessions, chalk talks, and dances. Most of the performers were local authors and illustrators of children's books, but a popular feature on opening day was the PAU Folk Dancing Group and on the final day, after a movie on Peru, Estellita Hart of the PAU Education Division told part of the story of Ann Nolan Clark's prize-winning juvenile *Secret of the Andes* while the Cuban artist José Bermúdez of the Visual Arts Section illustrated her talk with crayon drawings.

The exhibits filled two large halls. Upstairs, in the Hall of Heroes, U.S. children's books ranging from classics through ABC's were arranged by subject. Downstairs were juveniles from many foreign countries and PAU publications. Interestingly enough, whether in English, French, Swedish, Spanish, or Dutch, the striking thing about these books was not the difference from country to country but the similarity. The youthful visitors noted with glee that children in other lands enjoyed much the same kind of reading that appealed to them. "Hey, kids! Donald Duck!" yelled one eight-year-old, and so it was—only it was called *Pato Donald* and was printed in Portuguese in Rio de Janeiro. A small girl wanted to know what a brightly illustrated storybook was about, but her father could not tell her; the book was in Finnish.

The foreign books on display came from a permanent international collection of juveniles maintained by the Pan American Union. Its official title, "Permanent Exhibition Library of Textbooks," is a misnomer, for besides texts the collection contains a varied selection of literature and picture books. It dates from 1950, when, in preparation for a seminar on primary education that was to be held in Montevideo, Uruguay, the Division of Education secured samples of works for children from publishers all over America and Western Europe. Afterward it was exhibited at other education conferences and soon, with the addition of some of the U.S. juveniles on science and nature from the Children's Book Fair, it will be on its way to Lima, Peru, for a meeting of American Ministers of Education.

For adults interested in the subject, there were two evening events: a buffet dinner to introduce writers and artists to parents, librarians, and teachers, at which one of the principal speakers was the famous Brazilian novelist and PAU Department of Cultural Affairs Director Érico Veríssimo, who is also the author of several juveniles; and a panel discussion on designing children's books, based on the 1953-54 selections of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. ♦ ♦ ♦



GUATEMALAN dances

at colorful highland festivals

DOROTHY REYNOLDS

GUATEMALAN INDIANS still believe in ghosts and *naguales*, magic guardian animals that control man's destiny. From generation to generation they hand down legends about their traditional heroes. They pray to the Christian God and saints and then, as a canny precaution, repair to hilltop altars to pay their respects to primordial divinities of nature. As for witches, you meet them at every turn. These supernatural sorcerers, both male and female, can lay a curse on your enemy—for a fee—or sell you a potion to ensnare the affections of the one you love. But

Montana-born DOROTHY REYNOLDS has spent much time in Guatemala. She has written for many magazines, and her book for children about pre-Conquest Guatemala, *The Sons of the Smiling Tiger*, was published last fall.

the most common present-day representatives of bygone times in this land of the living past are the masked dancers.

Indian dances, each sponsored by a *cofradía* or lay religious society, are staged in almost every town and village as part of the fiesta honoring its patron saint. Several simultaneous performances go on from around ten o'clock until four, with a noon intermission. The number varies from year to year and from place to place, depending on the number of religious societies and their financial status.

In most of Guatemala the best time to attend is on the saint's day or the nearest Sunday, though in larger towns daily performances are given in the public plaza during the entire week and may continue for another week in the patios of the respective *cofradías*. In smaller

villages, and throughout the Verapaz region, they last approximately four days, culminating on the saint's day.

Entering the main plaza of almost any mountain village at fiesta time, the amazed visitor is confronted with grotesquely gorgeous men in long red or blond curls, plumed three-cornered hats, gaudy velveteen trousers and jackets decorated with gold fringe, feathers, braid, beads, and tiny mirrors—outfits reminiscent, in caricature, of those worn by sixteenth-century Spanish cavaliers. Solemnly and a bit stiffly, these people who are farmers, artisans, and laborers during the rest of the year perform the traditional dance-dramas to the lilting, thumping music of the marimba or the archaic, monotonous rhythm of drum and *chirimía*, the shrill flute that dates from pre-Conquest times.

As they skip and turn in their assigned portion of the public square, each group is hemmed in by an ever-changing ring of spectators, which thins out during the less exciting parts of the program as people stroll off to visit the market, buy soup, coffee, or tamales at the refreshment booths, or light candles before the images of their favorite saints in the village church.

Then, as the time for a more dramatic episode approaches, the crowd gathers again, pressing more and more closely. Women with drowsing babies on their backs stare in utter fascination, though they have seen it many times before; children squirm through the mob to stand or squat in front, forming a bemused inner circle, wide-eyed and open-mouthed; young men even leave the games of chance, which to them are the most important part of a fiesta, and stroll up to watch a duel or listen to a death oration.

Hour after hour, day after day, the dancers execute the simple steps, interspersing bits of pantomime and high-flown speeches in the poetic rhythms of Spain's Golden Age. Each line of the shrill falsetto singsong is accented by a soul-shattering flurry of gourd rattles. And poetry of Spain's Golden Age it is, for these dance-dramas—modified almost out of recognition by time and by actors to whom Spanish is virtually a foreign tongue—were originally introduced by sixteenth-century missionaries to replace the ancient ceremonial dances, so inextricably linked with pagan rites and beliefs that they were considered a serious obstacle to the propagation of the Christian faith.

The most popular of all is *La Conquista*, the Dance of the Conquest, probably first presented in Antigua. The words and stage directions were written in 1542 by a Spanish priest, and the Indians themselves undoubtedly improvised the dance steps. From the time of its introduction, its spectacular dramatic possibilities have had tremendous appeal. Strangely enough, its theme—the defeat of the Quichés by the Spanish invaders and the death of the native leader, Tecum Umán, at their hands—has never aroused any resentment among the Indian population.

The costumes, though they vary somewhat according to origin, are not very different from those used in other



In popular Guatemalan dance-drama, *La Conquista*, gaudily clad Spanish invaders arrive on horseback and vanquish native Quichés



Chief Tecum Umán, fatally stabbed by Spanish leader Alvarado, delivers flowery oration before he is borne in funeral procession

Guatemalan dance-dramas. The wooden masks of the men representing Spaniards are pink and white, with red noses and golden mustaches; those who take the parts of Indians use brown masks with black hair and mustaches; and sorcerers wear false faces of brilliant red, sometimes with toads on the forehead and serpents curv-

ing across the cheeks.

The action of the plot begins at the Quiché court, where scouts have just warned of the Spaniards' impending arrival. Sorcerers foretell disaster; nevertheless, the Indians decide to fight. Two Spanish spies are captured and brought before the native king, whom they attempt to persuade to become a vassal of Spain. He refuses and orders Tecum Umán to deploy the army for the coming battle.

The invaders arrive on horseback—if possible—and plunge against the defenders, who await them on foot. Twice the attackers are driven back, but the third time they dismount and the two armies clash. After a lengthy struggle in which the Quichés are gradually worsted,



One or two Margaritas—men in women's garb—take part in Los Negros dance, which is mostly horseplay and impromptu jokes

Below: Los Gigantes in San Juan Sacatepéquez, where fragments of dance are given. Only complete performance today is in Camotán



Tecum Umán suggests that the matter be settled in single combat between himself and the Spanish leader Alvarado. The two fight long and valiantly, but eventually the Indian chieftain is pierced through the heart by his adversary's sword. After uttering a flowery death oration, he carefully removes his headdress (to protect it), is put into a coffin that appears at the opportune moment, and is carried in a funeral procession to the church.

La Conquista can be seen at almost any fiesta, but on July 25, St. Christopher's Day, an outstanding performance takes place in San Cristóbal, near Quezaltenango in western Guatemala.

Similar in theme and almost as popular is *Los Moros*, the Dance of the Moors, which is said to have been performed for the first time in Seville to commemorate the Spaniards' victory over the infidels. It too has a warlike plot—the struggle between the Moors, led by the fierce and bloodthirsty Salomón, and the Christians, whose leader is usually known simply as *El Rey Cristiano* (The Christian King). Costumes are much like those worn in the Dance of the Conquest, except that the Christians—and frequently the Moors—wear gold and silver crowns decorated with crosses.

Throughout the long hours of the performance highly stylized skirmishes of the two armies alternate with hand-to-hand combat between pairs of champions. The climax is a fierce duel between Salomón and the Christian King, who is supposed to stab the Moorish chieftain in the heart. Sometimes, however, this tragic end fails to occur, and the performance merely stops at a predetermined hour.

There are no spoken parts in this dance-drama, but the Moors, especially their ferocious leader, utter blood-curdling roars until they are so hoarse they can scarcely whisper. The rendition of *Los Moros* in San Pedro Carchá, near Cobán, on June 29, St. Peter's Day, is especially colorful.

Though these Spanish dance-dramas were quickly adapted to new surroundings and became very popular, some of the forbidden pagan dances were still performed by secret societies in caves and other hidden places. Thus they survived the period of persecution and are still staged today, virtually unchanged.

One, known as either *La Culebra*, the Snake Dance, or *Los Gracejos*, the Dance of the Jesters, is performed in Santa Cruz Quiché, near Chichicastenango, on August 15, the Feast of the Assumption, and in Chicalajá, near Quezaltenango, from January 15 to 18, and involves a great deal of pagan ritual. A few days before, several men, accompanied by a sorcerer, go into the mountains for snakes. Prayers are recited and incense burned as an offering to the ancient gods; then the snakes are lured into jars and taken back to the village.

The dance itself is pure slapstick, with a motley group of characters clothed in old, faded garments or the short-trousered black suits typical of Chichicastenango. Two dancers masquerade as women, looking very ludicrous and long-legged as they cavort around. All wear masks, which vary widely in color and design—red ones with



La Culebra contains pagan ritual, live snakes, a motley group of characters, and a fair share of slapstick

gold mustaches, black ones with huge eyes and snarling mouths, ribald brown masks, and masks with deathlike features of an unearthly grayish white.

The most unusual, and clearly the most important, of the dancers is a man in a fur-trimmed suit with a stuffed fox slung across his shoulders. He keeps making frightening dashes at the audience, while the children tease him by trying to sneak up behind and pull the fox's tail. From time to time, the dancers clownishly lash one another with whips and crack at the legs of small boys who crowd in too close.

The climax—the appearance of the serpents—does not come until nearly dusk. Usually several small snakes and a single large one are freed to wriggle about on the ground for a while, then are picked up by the principal dancers, in turn, to twine about their necks and arms. After the fiesta, the snakes are released in the mountains.

The combined comic-religious character of this dance is explained by a curious legend concerning its origin. God was once very much worried—the story goes—and those about Him tried in every way to cheer Him up. But in vain. Finally they put on ragged clothes and their ugliest, funniest masks and began to crack jokes and play tricks on one another; whereupon God was so amused that He laughed aloud. Actually, the dance is a ritualistic appeal for good crops. The stuffed fox symbolizes the fertility of the fields, and the snake—connected with the widespread ancient cult of the plumed serpent—represents life-giving rain.

Also of pre-Christian origin, the *Volador*, or Flying-Pole Dance, was probably introduced into Guatemala from Mexico by the Aztecs. Like the Snake Dance, it is preceded by pagan ceremonies. Several days beforehand, men go to the woods and choose a strong, straight tree, perhaps a hundred feet tall. After prayers and incense, the tree is felled and shorn of its branches, and the trunk carried back to the village. With more offerings of prayer, incense, and sometimes chickens and turkeys, it is raised to a perpendicular position and a small platform is erected at the top.

A "monkey"—who originally represented a messenger



Lusty Mexicanos, a comparative newcomer, is already a great favorite often performed by rival groups at the same festival

bearing petitions to the gods—climbs a rope or vine ladder and dances on the level surface. Then up go the four flyers, who used to symbolize the sacred calendric cycle of fifty-two years, making thirteen revolutions during the flight. Each dances, then fastens around his waist a rope that is tied to the edge of the platform and coiled about the pole. Finally they jump off, the platform is set whirling, and they glide to the ground in gradually widening circles.

In Chichicastenango anyone who wishes can fly, for a nominal fee, after the regular performance. The dance has been forbidden in many places because it is so dangerous, especially when the prospective flyers, who



Costumes in El Convite are like those at masquerade ball. Dance is pure entertainment with no underlying religious theme

feel their courage ebbing as the ordeal approaches, fortify themselves with swigs of *aguardiente*. The celebration is held annually in Chichicastenango on St. Thomas' Day, December 21; about every second year in Momostenango, near Quezaltenango, between July 28 and August 2; and sometimes in Joyabaj, near Chichicastenango, on August 15.

Another favorite and obviously ancient dance—a rather aimless affair of crude jokes, slapstick, and prancing horseplay—is *Los Negros*. Dreadful-looking figures

in shaggy black and grizzled wigs, grinning masks, and an odd selection of old clothes hop and jump about, brandishing sticks and cracking whips. Spoken parts are largely impromptu. Emboldened by anonymity, the performers give vent to a mordant wit they would not dare display at other times, weaving any unusual chance occurrence into their buffoonery and interspersing their howling with rough jokes at the expense of the watchers.

Usually there are also one or two Margaritas, husky men dressed as women in long, billowy skirts, wearing kerchiefs instead of masks. First one and then another of the Black Men dances with them, while others try to entice them away. Sometimes there is also a Toro, an odd creature in bull mask and bullfighter's suit who



Some dances are performed to rhythm of drum and flutelike chirimía

leaps about, butting at both dancers and spectators.

Apparently older still, *Los Gigantes*, the Dance of the Giants, is now performed in its entirety only in the town of Camotán, near Chiquimula, in the region where the Chorti Indians live (the dates are June 12-14 and 23-25, December 7-9). Fragments have survived elsewhere, even in San Juan Sacatepéquez, just a short distance from the Guatemalan capital, where the celebration takes place on St. John's Day, June 24.

The complicated plot is based on incidents in the *Popol Vuh*, the sacred book of the Quichés, with two Biblical incidents—the fight between David and Goliath and the beheading of St. John—rather clumsily superimposed.

At the beginning and end, the dancers pay homage to the sun by saluting the points of its rising and setting and tracing its course with their swords. Even the costumes are replete with symbolism: suits of red, blue, yellow, and white (signifying the four directions), decorated with motifs resembling ancient glyphs and bordered with points arranged in groups to represent the days of the sacred month. Several characters wear veils to indicate that early legendary period when the faces of the sun and moon were still covered.

The dance known as *El Convite*, the Invitation, is very different in both spirit and appearance. Performed by the *ladinos*—whites or mestizos who adhere to Span-

ish customs—of Santa Cruz Quiché on or around August 15, it is pure entertainment, with no underlying religious significance. Consequently, it lasts only an hour or two, morning and afternoon. The villagers proudly insist that it is Spanish, and it seems, indeed, to be derived from some court dance, simpler than but similar to the minuet.

The costumes resemble those at a fancy-dress ball. In the version I saw, two very realistic white rabbits were followed by a pair of gray elephants (a triumph of the costumer's art), various comic figures in old or ill-matched garments, two brilliant green parrots, a character in top hat and tails who resembled the Mad Hatter, a funereal pair of large buzzards, and—as a con-



Others are accompanied by lilting marimba bands

cession to inter-Americanism—a lean and lanky Uncle Sam escorting a girl draped in red, white, and blue-starred bunting.

These performances and others like them continue to flourish today as vigorously as ever. Occasionally one may be dropped, only to be replaced by another. The lusty *Mexicanos*, for example, is a cowboy dance-drama that was introduced not very many years ago but has taken its place along with *La Conquista*, *Los Moros*, and *Los Negros* in the standard repertoire. It has become so popular that it is not unusual for two rival societies to perform it in separate but contiguous circles at the same fiesta.

Other local festivals are celebrated on St. Paul's Day, January 25, in Rabinal; on St. John's Day, June 24, in San Juan Chamelco, near Cobán; on St. Peter's Day, June 29, in San Pedro Sacatepéquez, near the capital; on St. James' Day, July 25, at Santiago Sacatepéquez, near Antigua, and at Santiago Atitlán, near Panajachel; on August 15, the Feast of the Assumption, at Nebaj and at Sololá, near Panajachel.

Although first viewers might consider the masked dances of Guatemala grotesque anachronisms, they have enduring roots and represent the all-powerful force of tradition. And the respected *cofradías* that sponsor them try to outdo one another in spectacular presentations. ♦ ♦ ♦



books

CLIMBING IN PERU

THE ASCENT OF ALPAMAYO, by Georges Kogan and Nicole Leininger, translated from the French by Peter E. Thompson. New York, John de Graff, Inc., 1955. 134 p. Illus. \$3.50

Reviewed by Andrew John Kauffman II

Rarely have serious attempts been made to acquaint alpinists and mountain lovers with the Peruvian Andes. Yet Peru has the unique privilege of possessing the world's only tropical range of summits rising as high as twenty-two thousand feet. Many of these, in altitude and difficulty, challenge the giants of Asia. Any book on mountaineering in this area—unless strictly descriptive, such as Kinzl and Schneider's beautifully illustrated *Cordillera Blanca*—necessarily tells a story of adventure. Georges Kogan and Nicole Leininger's record of the 1951 Franco-Belgian expedition is no exception.

For one who considers mountaineering a semivocational occupation, and who only four months ago looked across at Alpamayo from neighboring summits, it is hard to be unprejudiced, let alone objective. Kogan's fine descriptions of the Sierra—that American Shangri-La—his sketches of the countryside, with its courteous and delightful people, stimulate a burning desire to return. The dignified but friendly city of Lima; the steep mountain roads that wind, unprotected by guard rails, along the edges of steep canyons; the gorgeous panorama at Gonococha, where for the first time the enormous mass of the Cordillera Blanca unfolds before the traveler—all these things, and many others, convey to the reader an entertaining portrait of Peru. There are, to be sure, a few misleading statements, such as "it is raining in Lima"—does it ever *rain* in Lima?—or the remark that there exist no tall buildings in the City of Kings. Nor should Mr. Kogan talk about a Pan American Highway that extends "from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego" unless he wishes to trap the unwary motorist in some remote Panamanian alligator swamp. Yet these occasional factual

errors do not mar the basic accuracy of the author's observations.

The narrative tells the story of a party of alpinists. The expedition was a leaderless and informal one—a group of friends united by a common spirit of adventure. Such an arrangement, as I have learned from firsthand experience, often yields far more satisfactory results than any form of regimented teamwork; provided the participants possess equal competence and eagerness, the objectives are rarely jeopardized. The Franco-Belgian expedition deserves to be congratulated for its loose and democratic organization, as well as for its accomplishments, which required tenacity, skill, and courage.

But the Andes are not the Alps, and one feels that the party suffered somewhat from a shortage of trained expeditionaries. Did the group actually ever reach the top of Alpamayo? For if it did not, then the book is ill-named. The climbers certainly reached the summit ridge, where they stopped, but the highest point appears to be some distance away, at least a hundred feet higher, and probably inaccessible by way of the route selected. The expedition suffered much illness and altitude sickness. Such troubles might have been avoided had the party refrained from eating local food (unless properly prepared) and been somewhat more active physically when first going high. Indeed, physiologists recommend moderate exercise to combat altitude sickness. Other practices also deserve comment: one is surprised to learn that, on Alpamayo, there was only a single flashlight in the party, though it is common knowledge that the Andean night lasts twelve hours. And eight o'clock in the morning appears to be a singularly tardy hour to set out on a difficult first ascent. Would not an earlier start have made a bivouac unnecessary? Finally, there is some question in my mind whether Alpamayo is indeed as high as the writers indicate: its neighbors, the Pucahircas, which are described as lower than Alpamayo's 20,080 feet, demonstrably rise several hundred feet higher.

In their efforts to describe Alpaymayo as the climax of their adventure, the authors give only secondary attention to the ascent of Quitaraju, carried out by the two women in the party. Yet in many respects it was the expedition's finest accomplishment. Neither Claude Kogan nor Nicole Leininger need display any modesty about their achievement.

As a tale of mountaineering, the book lacks the dramatic intensity of *Annapurna*, though it is written in the same subjective manner. Indeed, the story of the Franco-Belgian expedition does not lend itself to drama. It is the straightforward narrative of a typical mountaineering journey, with much coming and going and several objectives to attain. The interest, therefore, never quite focuses on a single goal. Perhaps this accounts for the book's apparent lack of unity and suspense—or perhaps the cause is to be found in the authors' impressionistic style. Fortunately, the damage is not serious. But as between the two authors, one feels that Mrs. Leininger is the better writer.

The translator, unfortunately, deserves severe treatment. His work is hasty and even careless. He has no understanding of French verb forms, and is clearly unacquainted with mountaineering terms. What, one may ask, are a "recce," a "matchet," a "bouchon of snow"? Such barbarisms are not to be found in any standard dictionary of the English language. An occasional error in translating a technical term may be pardonable, but extensive recklessness is inexcusable. In the present case it often detracts from the merits of an interesting narrative.

For the reader who seeks information about the Cordillera Blanca, an index would have been valuable. Better yet, a glossary of mountaineering terms found in the text would enlighten the nonclimber. On the other hand, there are many fine illustrations. These would look better on glossy paper. But the photography is excellent and the composition professional in quality. If anything, more photographs should have been included.

As a description of Peru, the book is instructive, because it provides a glimpse of a little-known but remarkable country, whose courteous and friendly people have a fine past and probably a great future—and many splendid qualities which North Americans might do well to emulate. And as a story of mountaineering, Georges Kogan's last words summarize, better than anything else I have seen, the reasons why some men climb mountains, and why, once they start, they never stop.

Andrew John Kauffman II has climbed in Peru and in Alaska, British Columbia, the United States, and the Alps. He is a member of the American Alpine Club and a former president of the Harvard University Mountaineering Club.

THE EMERGENCE OF IBICUY

RÍO ABAJO, by Lobodón Garra. Buenos Aires, Argentina, Grandes Librerías Anaconda, 1955. 222 p.

Reviewed by Antonio Morello

Río Abajo describes a small corner of the Argentine

Republic that is still relatively unknown, since normal access has been obstructed by the lay of the land and other factors. The book gives an accurate, lively account of the relentless struggle—against the raging river, wild animals, isolation, and fugitives from justice—that has gone into the building of the tiny but prospering Ibicuy island villages.

To set the scene, the author writes: "Two of the largest rivers on earth, the Paraná and the Uruguay, which run together to form the River Plate, the widest in the world, derive their tremendous volume of water from the most divergent regions of South America. . . . The Paraná carries along about eighty million cubic yards of alluvial soil, which is washed down by the rains. This gives the water its distinctive muddy color, and the sediment has formed the numerous islands of the so-called Paraná Delta.

"The Guazú, the widest tributary of the Paraná, is the border between the provinces of Buenos Aires and Entre Ríos. To the left, between it and the Uruguay River, lie the Islands of the Ibicuy—a Guaraní word that means 'sand pit'—the delta between the rivers, the place where I am now. . . ."

Although the potentialities of the region are tremendous, initial exploitation of its natural resources has been a long, hard job. It seemed that nature did not want to yield, but, finally, those who did not fall by the wayside have benefited handsomely. Woods, fruits, vegetables, countless fish in the streams, the birds of its forests, and other useful animals, generously repay the labors of the enterprising settler who decides to make his home on these islands.

Ten years ago the author, already known for similar studies on Patagonia, settled on Paranacito, then wild and overgrown. First attracted by the solitude and the prospect of adventure, he now feels completely at home there.

The pages of *Río Abajo*—written in journalistic prose that is clear and precise though not brilliant—depict the characteristics of the region; they picture the few men who were there when the author arrived and those who came later, some from far-off lands; they invade the past by way of traditional legends; they describe local practices and customs; they relate episodes of the daily life of the islander of today and of yesterday, some revealing primitive passions; and they portray things as they are now, satisfactory and agreeable.

Throughout the book you can follow, along general lines, the notable transformation the region has undergone in the past fifty years—like the Paraná Delta, a little farther south—and its ultimate emergence as a productive, attractive, and picturesque part of Entre Ríos Province.

The author has actively participated in this enterprise—building his home, cultivating his lands, adapting new domestic animals, and encouraging the economic and cultural development of the village where he lives, which is like so many others in the vicinity.

All of which means that this book, which contains a good bit of more or less fictionalized material that is

based on facts, is essentially a documentary, informative work. Aside from being enjoyable, it is enlightening and attests to the surprisingly high standard of living the islanders enjoy today, as a reward for their courage and perseverance.

Antonio Morello is a public-school official in his native Argentina. He reads extensively on exploration and settlement.

BOOK NOTES

SEE AND SAY, by Antonio Frasconi. New York, Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1955. Illus. \$3.50

It is hardly surprising that when the woodcuts of Antonio Frasconi appear in U.S. exhibits, he is frequently billed in error as a U.S. artist. Who can blame a nation for wanting to claim this highly gifted Uruguayan for its own? In any case, it is natural to identify him with more than one country, since he was born in Montevideo of Italian parents and is now living in New York. That the artist looks upon himself as something of an international citizen is evident from an enchanting picture book in four languages—and four colors—he has just produced for children. *See and Say* is the English title, which appears in black letters, while blue is used for Italian words, red for French, and green for Spanish; all identify a gaudy lion, a saucy chicken, a whimsical sun, and a score of other gay objects. As a couplet in the dedication points out:

*Uno solo es lo que ves
aunque te parezcan más que tres.*

A single one is what you see
although they appear as more than three.

Finally, just for fun, the artist winds up with a page of everyday expressions all children use. The book is designed for youngsters and dedicated to Pablo, the artist's small son; certainly it is a painless way to teach a child a smattering of foreign expressions. But it will also make a bright spot on any grown-up's bookshelf.

wheel ruota roue rueda



lion leone lion león



RESPONSIBLE FREEDOM IN THE AMERICAS, edited by Angel del Río. Garden City, New York, Doubleday and Company (Columbia University Bicentennial Conference Series), 1955. 554 p. \$7.50

As part of its bicentennial celebrations in 1954, devoted to "man's right to knowledge and the free use thereof," Columbia University sponsored the lively conference of specialists in Latin American affairs whose papers have been brought together in this volume. To discuss "the deficiency of freedom in the Americas and the obstacles to its full development; possible solutions to this problem in particular with respect to freedom to acquire knowledge," forty-five leading public figures, literary men, and professors from the Latin American countries and the United States met in New York together with more than a hundred observers. The distinguished Colombian Alberto Lleras—formerly Secretary General of the OAS, now president of the University of the Andes, and a participant in the gathering—sums up well both the purposes and the results of the conference in an introduction: since so many official inter-American conferences are held, the guests were primarily chosen from outside government circles, to encourage freedom of expression; the broadest possible range of viewpoints was sought, and therefore no attempt was made to reach conclusions; everyone spoke with the utmost frankness on highly controversial issues; in consequence, "the meeting aroused far greater public interest than had been anticipated or sought," and "the general feeling that the conference had been extremely useful was so unanimous that it was voted on different occasions that an effort should be made to continue this type of gathering." The subjects included theories and methods of education, communication of ideas and knowledge (the press, radio, and so on), the role played by religion in public affairs, the relationship between government and the schools, and the creative arts. Some of the papers have been cut to eliminate overlapping, and the "Discussion and Commentaries" chapter at the end of each section is only a summary, since these sessions were very informal and no complete transcription was made.

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points of view



HAPPY LAND

THE SALVADOREAN literary journal *Síntesis* includes prose and poetry selections that cover a wide variety of interests and are enlivened by excellent pen-and-ink drawings. In the following article Rafael Alvarez Mónico boasts that "El Salvador is a land of animation and happiness" and that its people "are noted for their diligence and initiative":

"... When the sun peeks over the hilltops, the cities are already going at full swing. The struggle for a seat on the dark-green city buses has begun... and the red and yellow buses have started their trips into the interior. In El Salvador buses have different colors and numbers, according to their routes, and it is against the law to sound horns or sirens. Automobiles of all colors and makes... whiz by. At the intersections where there are no traffic signals the policemen are driven crazy, but they turn on their heels with military dignity as they direct the flow..."

"Animation continues throughout the day, increasing between eleven and twelve-thirty, at two and again at five in the afternoon, and at night... when the people go to the theaters, night clubs, sports arenas, churches, parks, and squares. Radio music ema-

nates from the homes, and the children sing... and play soccer..."

"El Salvador is not only happy day by day; the periodic patron-saint celebrations in the cities, towns, and villages bring added jubilation. Bands, marimbas, orchestras, trios, and comic acts are always busy... and not a month goes by... without the noise of firecrackers..."

"The festival in the capital, the most magnificent of all, takes place August 1-6, honoring the Divine Saviour of the World, whose image was worshiped in the cathedral that burned down a few years ago. The sacred statue was rescued from the flames by a group of devout men and is now in a provisional chapel..."

"Day and night there are liturgical services, dances, shows, open markets, and processions. The traditional *bajada* (descent)—an impressive procession of from one to two hundred thousand people—takes place on the afternoon of August 5. The statue of the Divine Saviour is carried on an enormous float that is topped by a globe, on which [a man representing] Christ, dressed in red and blue, is enthroned amid angels and clouds. At the main park the procession stops; Christ disappears into the globe and emerges in white vestments, this time between the

prophets Moses and Elijah, to symbolize the Transfiguration of Jesus on Mount Tabor. This is an unforgettable moment. The people... applaud and shout... The bands strike up the national anthem, and artillery salvos are fired. Many women faint; hats are mislaid; children get lost in the crowd..."

"Some very curious sidelights have been recorded in both ecclesiastical and family chronicles. First, it has never rained while the procession moves through the streets, though August 5 is in mid-winter; and second, whenever the statue has fallen during the *bajada*, the President of the Republic has been overthrown within a few months..."

"Holy Week is also a happy time... Vacationers flock to the beaches, lakes, rivers, and mountains... and El Salvador becomes a veritable Cockaigne, a paradise for gourmands."

"The most awesome spectacle of Holy Week takes place in Sonsonate, in the western part of the country... Processions go on day and night... On Good Friday the Holy Burial procession leaves the church at three in the afternoon and returns at three the next morning. The casket moves slowly through the streets... stopping on each of the multicolored sawdust mats... that represent biblical scenes, birds, flowers, and fruits. More than one hundred thousand people take part... and to the northeast Izalco Volcano rumbles and spouts flame..."

"The civic holidays—September 15, Independence Day; October 12, Columbus Day; November 5, commemoration of the First Cry of Independence in Central America; December 14, anniversary of the Democratic Revolution of 1948; Mother's Day; Teacher's Day; and others—are all celebrated with appropriate glitter and solemnity. The yearly cycle closes with the Christmas and New Year's festivities..."

"This is El Salvador, a land of gaiety and liveliness, of fervor and surprises, where each village is a thrill, each road a tropical [paradise]."

HOW TO EAT A MANGO

THE ENGLISH-LANGUAGE magazine *Mexico This Month* has a regular "Do-It-Yourself" section, which deals with such vital and fascinating subjects as "How to Make and Use a Pyramid,"

"How to Live with a Snake," and so on. Here is a selection for travelers bound for mango lands:

"Your first encounter with a mango may produce that sense of gnawing yearning caused by 'this is not for me.' Do not misunderstand us. We do not mean the mango in its Mexican slang equivalent, as illustrated below. We mean the fruit. This is a family magazine.



"In its natural state, i.e., as found on trees, the mango presents no obstacle but, on the contrary, is an inviting objective, easy to grasp and hold, smooth to the touch, and simplicity itself to peel. [However, after it is] peeled, that dismal sense of inadequacy and frustration may overpower you. The expanse of pulp, while rich and soft and juicy indeed, offers no handhold whatsoever, nor even, for that matter, foothold. Where does one begin?

"Do not despair. Your approach to the mango offers a challenge that will, in the end, develop your true personality and help you to understand yourself. For the true secret of eating a mango is that the way in which you do it depends on who you are.

"Let us take a simple example. The healthy, clear-eyed farmer, whose problems are presented mostly by Nature and solved similarly, has his own method of eating a mango. He just eats it. . . .

"In the city, the social stratum that learns early to fight for itself and hold on to what it obtains . . . follows much the same method. If your approach to life, therefore, resembles this, or if . . .

you wish it did, and the rough-and-ready, masterful-and-no-nonsense style is what you most wish for, here is your opportunity. Use it on a mango. The only thing you need to keep in mind is stance—a good forty-five-degree angle. Better still, grasp the fruit firmly by its unpeeled base, and bury it in your face, or vice-versa. The sleeve is standard for wiping.

"In the middle class, mangoes are handled with forks. From this point of departure, what you do with the fork depends again on who you are, and what your character—or hidden drives—impels you to do.

"Props for eating a mango by fork include, as a rule, a table and chair, plate and napkin, and frequently also an anxious waiter hovering behind. There are special forks for mangoes. These are not only easier to use, they also reflect culture and are a discreet display of worldly goods.

"The mango fork is three-tined, with an extra long tine in the middle designed to penetrate the mango seed; the two flanking tines are intended to hold the fruit firmly in place. Practice, however, is necessary for accurate use of this implement; it must be placed precisely in the center of the base of the fruit—that is, where the stem was. Insert with self-confidence, rapidly. If you do not have self-confidence, or your aim is poor, you may require treatment for lacerations of one hand.

"This problem is frequently avoided by problem-avoiding character types, via the standard method of getting somebody else to do it for you. Waiters frequently present you with the mango already speared and in place. This is of course easier and offers no further problem except showing yourself—and the waiter—that you know what to do next.

"Here again, your next step depends



on who you think you are. Gourmets, conservatives, timid tourists, and the genteel in general will slice the two thick sides off, using of course a fruit knife and cutting precisely close to the seed. If the mango has been presented speared but unpeeled, the next implement—which the waiter or operating-room nurse standing by will present—is a teaspoon. It is used to eat the fruit off the half-shell.

"If, however, it has been presented speared and already peeled, the next instrument is another fork, with which the sides of the fruit, once sliced off, are delicately cut and eaten.

"Final problem is the seed. Experts are able to cut the sides off so cleanly that there is nothing left but the flat, fibrous, inner portion of the fruit. Seldom, however, is such dexterity reached. As a rule there is always some mango left on the seed, and here the dilemma is the same as that presented by chicken legs too tough to cut or lamb chops with frills on them. Do you or do you not seize the fork—with seed—and nibble, suck, or otherwise finish it off?

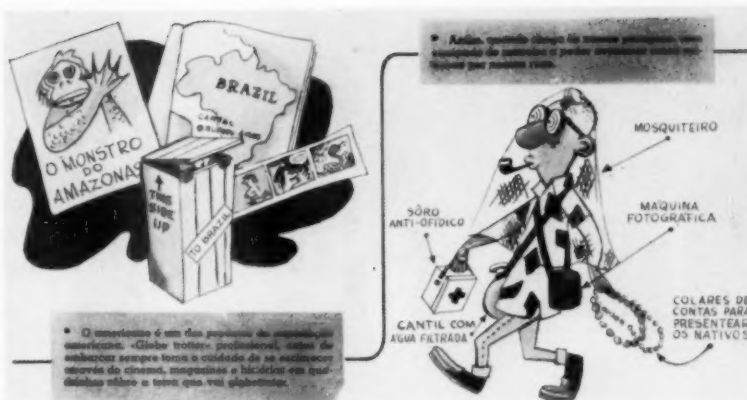
"This method requires a practiced angle of fork to fruit. Do not attempt the insert *parallel* to the fruit, as the curve of the fork will cause you either to miss entirely (in which case minor surgery may be again required) or to spear insecurely, in which case you may lose your mango precisely when you are about to operate deftly with either knife or teeth.

"Insert at an exact ninety-degree angle, squaring off the mango to the fork, and be sure that one of the tines enters the base at the exact stem. This is the one point at which the inner seed is not protected by heavy shell, and which therefore allows you to fix it firmly on your fork.

"Above all, whichever method you use, do not be afraid. Take your apprenticeship a step at a time . . . but [rest assured] that before long you wish to conquer all obstacles, and most especially your enjoyment of the fruit, will reward you with satisfactions and success. You can . . . look forward to matching forks with any mango-eater going, and in season, this means you may reach and perhaps even break the normal record of six or eight mangoes at one sitting."

A GRINGO GOES TO BRAZIL

IN ITS special Carnival issue last year, the Rio de Janeiro weekly magazine *Revista da Semana* featured a two-page spread of cartoons by Fortuna. With a sure stroke of genius he presents a North American tourist who arrives in Rio expecting, among other things, to hear the strains of *Mamãe Eu Quero* at every turn and to see the samba danced to the accompaniment of bongó drums and maracas. Our selection takes him from his pre-trip preparations to the final discouraging moment when he makes an alarming discovery about the language:



The North American is one of the U.S. items for export. A professional "globe-trotter," before setting out he always studies movies, magazines, and comic books on the land where he plans to do his trotting

So, when he arrives in these parts, he is equipped to venture out into our streets—with mosquito netting, a camera, beads to give the natives, a first-aid kit, and a canteen of purified water

He is counting on an opportunity to photograph a middle-class Brazilian family

He would like to meet a man from the interior dressed in typical costume

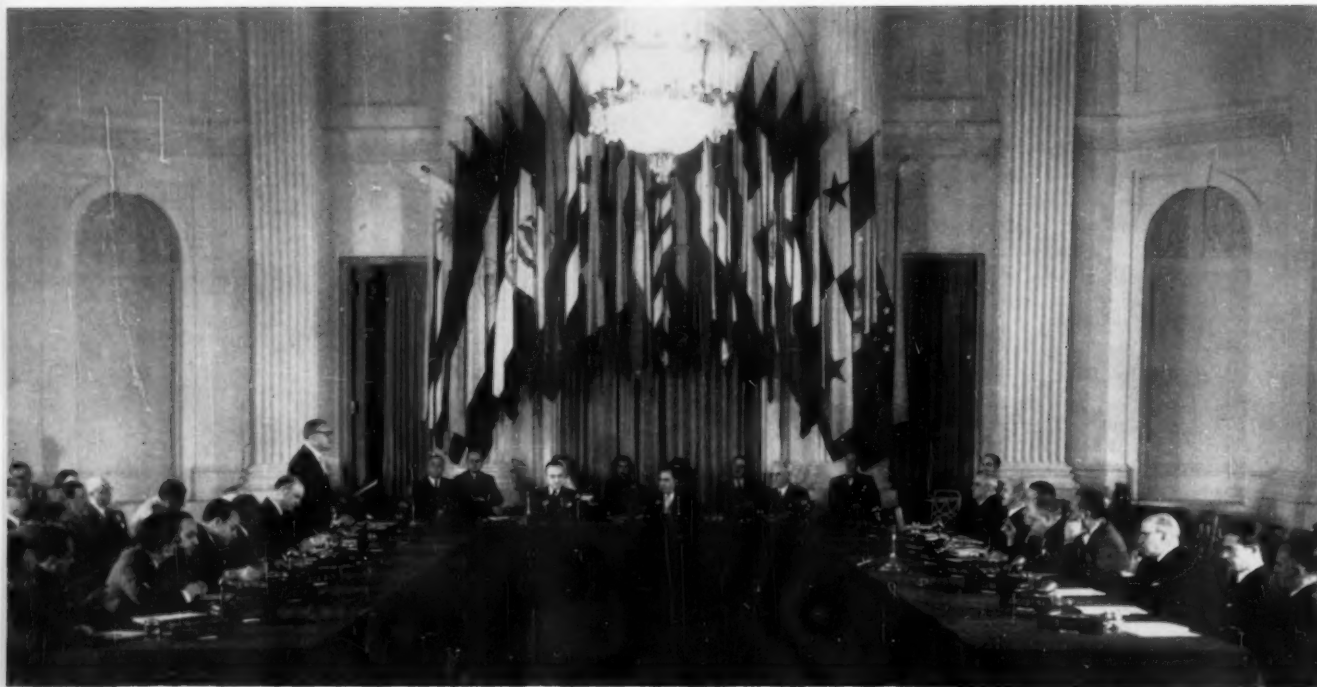
And, if possible, he would love to flirt with one of the countless winsome Brazilian girls

He even studied the language, but is in a quandary when he talks with a Carioca. He says in dismay: "I don't understand! Don't they speak Spanish in Brazil?"



Answers to Quiz on inside back cover

- (1) Chile. (2) Mexico. (3) Chile. (4) Nicaragua. (5) Venezuela. (6) Costa Rica. (7) Uruguay. (8) Nicaragua. (9) El Salvador. (10) Peru. (11) Ecuador. (12) Paraguay. (13) Nicaragua. (14) Paraguay. (15) El Salvador. (16) Panama. (17) British Guiana.



The OAS Council meets in special session in the Hall of the Americas at the Pan American Union

HEMISPHERE PARLIAMENT

OAS Council elects a new chairman

IN THE ANNUAL ROTATION of the OAS Council chairmanship, Ambassador César Tulio Delgado of Colombia was selected by secret ballot on November 16; the new Vice-Chairman is Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda of Chile. Both are lawyers by profession and experienced diplomats, with distinguished records of public service behind them. Their election once more focussed attention on the strategic role of the Hemisphere parliament they will lead for the next twelve months.

Many people in the Americas may have no more than a superficial knowledge of the juridical structure and technical aspects of the Council of the Organization of American States. But all of them—those who know a little as well as those who know a lot—have at one time or another profited from the actions of this permanent executive board of the Organization. Certainly whenever the Council functions provisionally as Organ of Consultation during emergencies that endanger Hemisphere peace, it touches all of us simultaneously.

Every phase of inter-American relations has been shaped directly or indirectly by OAS Council activities,

whether economic, juridical, or cultural. Unhampered by the veto, each of the twenty-one ambassadors, seated in conference around the huge, highly polished table of Dominican mahogany in the elegant Council room of the Pan American Union in Washington, represents a government and exercises one vote. In most instances a simple majority of eleven votes is needed to carry a resolution; in a few, two-thirds or fourteen. But each vote carries equal weight, regardless of the population or size of the country whose delegate casts it.

As Ambassador Delgado observed when he took over as Chairman: "Without doubt, the OAS is history's finest experiment in international living." Over the past few years, thanks to quick, effective intervention by the Council as the Organ of Consultation, occasional flare-ups have been stamped out before they had a chance to develop into open, declared warfare.

The Council is no longer the withdrawn, merely symbolic institution it appeared to be before the OAS Charter was signed. Hence when a Council-appointed commission set out recently to investigate a trouble spot,

hopeful, enthusiastic crowds gathered to express their faith in a peaceful settlement. On three different occasions the OAS Council has firmly demonstrated its determination that "there will be no war"—in the controversies between Costa Rica and Nicaragua in 1949 and 1955, and during the dissensions between Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, and Cuba in 1950. Both inside and outside this Hemisphere there has been a great deal of pro-and-con discussion of the usefulness of international organizations. But the worst skeptics cannot deny Council Chairman Delgado's assertion that the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, the tool for settling these disturbances, has been "the strongest, most effective instrument in dealing with threats to American peace" and in fulfilling the basic function of the OAS—which is, in the words of its Charter, "preservation of peace in this Hemisphere."

Few people are unaffected by the Council's innumerable technical services, channeled through its three specialized agencies: The Juridical Council, Cultural Council, and Economic and Social Council. The new chairman has indicated that the Council will now concentrate on economic affairs. He feels that the OAS has already made such gigantic strides in juridical and political matters that the will to cooperate has become completely spontaneous. Now, he said, it is a question of "carrying over



Ambassador César Tulio Delgado (right) of Colombia and Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda of Chile mark the beginning of a year during which they will work together as Chairman and Vice-Chairman, respectively, of the OAS Council

into the economic field the same bases of interdependence and collaboration." He reminded the Council again of the job to be done: "Our twenty-one republics, with only 13 per cent of the world's population and 30 per cent of its land area, produce 76 per cent of the petroleum, 54 per cent of the iron, 56 per cent of the copper, and 50

ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN STATES

The International Organization of the 21 American Republics established by the Charter signed at the Ninth International Conference of American States, Bogotá, Colombia, 1948.



per cent of the planet's electric energy; and their imports and exports make up more than half of the world total. . . . Nevertheless, there is a jarring disequilibrium between this statistical wealth, with the promises it implies, and the living conditions of our peoples. . . ."

But the Council's work does not stop here. It must also continue to perform its function of coordinating the broad programs under its supervision; it must continue to cooperate with other international organizations; and it must carry out the mandates of the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas. This entails preparation of new statutes for the Peace Committee, revision of the Pact of Bogotá, a study on the protection of human rights, drafting a definitive proposal for the projected Inter-American Court of Justice. Not the least of its worries is a series of meetings scheduled for 1956 for which it must do the spadework: the meeting of Ministers of Education and the parallel session of the Cultural Council in Lima; the Conference on the Conservation of the Resources of the Continental Shelf and Marine Waters, in Ciudad Trujillo; the Inter-American Economic Conference in Buenos Aires; and others. According to Dr. Delgado, the Argentine gathering will provide "a propitious new opportunity for strengthening, through far-reaching decision, Western Hemisphere unity in the economic field."

So the OAS Council works from day to day to perfect the machinery of Pan Americanism. ♦ ♦ ♦

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

BACK TO THE VOTING BOOTH

Dear Sirs:

In reply to the letter of Mr. Alexander Martin of Springfield, Massachusetts, entitled "Back to the Kitchen" (October 1955 AMERICAS), I would like to say a few words in defense of American women and their privilege to vote. I am a native Costa Rican, but since I am married to an "Americano," the United States is my adopted country. . . . After living in this "land of great opportunities" for the past ten years, I just cannot agree with Mr. Martin's statement that holds the American woman responsible for all the calamities on this earth.

When I read the well-written and accurate article "The Women's Vote in Costa Rica" (June 1955 AMERICAS), I felt proud to see the faces of some of my former professors and friends and to hear of their great achievement: earning the right to vote.

Luckily for Costa Rica, many of its women have visited and studied in the United States, returning home with open minds to put in practice what they have learned. Among them is Emma Gamboa, Dean of the University of Costa Rica School of Education, who studied at Ohio State.

Did Costa Rican women ask for the privilege to vote? No, Mr. Martin. They did not interfere in man's business. Their democratic president, José Figueres, bestowed this right on them, because they helped him restore peace. . . . much as the U.S. women . . . campaigned and worked to elect . . . Dwight Eisenhower. Why do they go from door to door with their sample ballots and questionnaires? To interfere? Or with the welfare of their country in mind? I admire them, because after walking hundreds of steps, they go back to their kitchens to fix dinner for their families.

In my opinion, crime and mental illness are the result of wars, prejudice among minority groups, and so on. So why blame them on U.S. women? Shouldn't U.S. women also be blamed for the prosperity of their nation?

Let's be more optimistic, Mr. Martin, and hope that women all over the world will unite someday with a common purpose, to abolish war and its . . . effects on society.

Cristina Phelps
Redlands, California

AMERICAS AS A TOOL

Dear Sirs:

I am a recent subscriber to your excellent magazine and, after two numbers, am very enthusiastic. I've taken three years of Spanish at school and find that the Spanish edition of AMERICAS helps to broaden my perspective through its interesting articles. It also helps to keep my Spanish from becoming "rusty" during summer vacation.

Jimmy Purks
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Dear Sirs:

I am one of your most ardent readers. . . . Since I am in the process of writing a guide book about the Americas, it gives me untold inspiration.

Isabelle Horwell
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

I am sure that many of the readers of your Spanish edition are, like myself, students of Spanish and rely on it to help them

become more efficient in the language. It has occurred to me that it might prove advantageous to your readers if you could publish every now and then a short grammatical point in Spanish, or one or two idiomatic expressions that are in current use among Spanish-speaking people.

Genevieve Riordan Wygant
Bronx, New York

INFORMATION WANTED

Dear Sirs:

. . . Since I am a fervent admirer of U.S. music, I would be much obliged if you could tell me what people, organizations, and institutions I could write to for biographical material—in Spanish or English—and photographs of such composers as Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers, Herbert, Berlin, Porter, Youmans, Grofé, Romberg, and so on. I would also like to know full particulars on their artistic development.

I am sure that you'll do whatever you can to help me and, by printing my letter, put me in contact with those best qualified to fulfill my request.

Faustino R. Aguiar
Avenida F. de Godoy 4164
Rosario, Santa Fe
Argentina

PRIZEWINNER

Dear Sirs:

I thought you might like to know that my AMERICAS article "A Basque Looks at Columbia" (June 1954 English edition) won first prize for reporting in the literary contest of the second *Juegos Florales de Nueva York* [New York Floral Games] held on October 16 at Columbia University. The *Juegos Florales* were organized by the Ibero-American Writers' and Poets' Circle of New York with the help of the city's leading Hispanic societies. . . .

Jesús de Galíndez
New York, New York

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

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Rua José Getúlio, 610
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Keith D. White (E.S.)
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Waston V. Gomez (S.P)
Rua Senador Paula, 494
Sobral, Ceará, Brazil

George L. Scheuern (E.S., Italian)
61 North Avenue
Highland Park 3, Michigan

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Antec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.



Know Your Neighbors' Neighbors? Answers on page 41

by **BORIS RANDOLPH**

Each of the Latin American countries capitalized in the left-hand column below touches only two of the countries given on the right. Can you name the one it does not touch?

1. PARAGUAY—Argentina, Bolivia, Chile
2. NICARAGUA—Mexico, Costa Rica, Honduras
3. BRAZIL—Chile, Argentina, Uruguay
4. GUATEMALA—El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua
5. ECUADOR—Peru, Venezuela, Colombia
6. HONDURAS—Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua
7. BOLIVIA—Brazil, Uruguay, Chile
8. EL SALVADOR—Honduras, Nicaragua, Guatemala
9. MEXICO—El Salvador, Guatemala, United States
10. ARGENTINA—Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay
11. CHILE—Ecuador, Bolivia, Argentina
12. URUGUAY—Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay
13. PANAMA—Costa Rica, Colombia, Nicaragua
14. PERU—Chile, Paraguay, Colombia
15. COSTA RICA—Panama, Nicaragua, El Salvador
16. VENEZUELA—Panama, Brazil, Colombia
17. COLOMBIA—British Guiana, Ecuador, Panama

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Research is done in each case by one or more competent practicing attorneys of the republic concerned. Supplements are issued when major changes take place in any of the republics.

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